

ISSUE #2

The Global Magazine of Horror

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SHIVERS

I, VAMPIRE!

**Julian Sands on
his new Undead
Shocker**

**A terror classic
rediscovered -
the producer of
THE FLESH EATERS
reveals all!**

**The director of
SLEEPWALKERS
on working with
Stephen King**

**All about the
DYLAN DOG HORROR FEST
in Milan**

**D'AMATO KETCHUP
The Italian Master of
Gore speaks!**

**SECOND
ISSUE!**



Plus Sergio Martino Part 2, Michele Soavi's Top Ten, Win DEF 3 / TEMPTATION video and all your favourite features.

STARBURST



**Special III: Worldwide Special III-
E2 III: (USA) III:** The introduction of
100% Total Recall and AutoCap 2
features. First Recall orderer Paul
Vachon's statement, AutoCap 2
orderer John Karpow's statement.

Footnote 22: 16-1794-94 (San Antonio increased during Highway 2. Also, books are historical programs of 1990. Type of the National. The above picture

negative effects that his "Total Recall" had
 better. "I'm not a beauty and the beast
 Edward," Edward Albert, Troma Films,
 Irvine, Calif. "I'm a little bit of a beast."

Drug: The latest Generation's makes up *Nightingale 2* (active: Plavastatin Sodium) (Lipid-lowering side of Heart) and the Heart's heart. For more information

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Director: Sarah Sykes; Script: Sarah Sykes and Rhian Price; Editors: on Tarmac; 2.0: Michael and Producer: of BT Julia Phillips.

and Green Mountain, VT and more of 1980-reviewed. Book reports of 1980 and Doctor Who's page.

interviewed: Sam Tuck is an Oscar-winning producer, Gottlieb is a very much beloved novelist, Young is a famous film director, and Hansen is a famous actor. Also interviewed: Bill Hunter of Fox

Shawcross identifies three areas for further

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EDITORIAL

Typical The publication date of *Shivers* first issue coincided with the day Palace Pictures shut up shop due to financial problems. I wondered why they were being so generous in letting us have 5 sets of 18 videos to give away as competition prizes. They probably knew the wall was at the door and thought 'What the Hell?' So for those readers who entered the competition, still waiting to hear if they won or not, we're trying to find a suitable prize substitute.

Thanks for all your letters - and questions to David McGilivray. Do keep them coming. It was heartening to know that, aside from all the 'typos' and other gremlins in the works, you like the mag's eclectic mix of the mainstream, the obscure and the informative. This remains my aim and if anything it'll get more bizarre. I must apologise for trailing features on director Gaspar Noé and *White Angel* which will now appear in later issues. Those are casualties of the bi-monthly curse where everything has to get juggled when a *Sleepwalkers* is suddenly rush-released.

I've just returned from the 'Dylan Dog Horror Fest in Milan' (read 'Shake & Quake'), where John 'Samhain' Gullidge asked me if editing my own magazine had been a burning ambition. The answer is no, not really, which is why you'll see *Shivers* grow as I get the hang of it. I'm literally lazing as I go along. I'm enjoying it though. Features I've wanted to read, I can now commission. And there are some great ones in the works, including a title I'll mysteriously tempt you with - 'Blood and Black Br-Nylon!' See you next time.

I knew I shouldn't have read the first issue of *Shivers*!



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SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

DYLAN DOG BITES

What's the hippest pastime in Italy today? Reading the 'Dylan Dog' comic and spotting what horror film homages creator Tiziano Sclavi has put into the 'investigator of nightmares' latest chilling adventure. Since his fumetti debut in 1986, the handsome Hercule Poirot of cool splatter, named after Welsh playwright Dylan Thomas, together with his Groucho Marx doppelganger side-kick, has become a comic book phenomenon and now sells a million copies a month plus reprints. When in Italy, it's impossible to escape the impact 'Dylan Dog' has had on the population, you'll lose count of all the people wearing limited edition T-shirts, they'll gasp at the huge amount of tie-in merchandise on offer from watches to mugs. Sergio Bonelli is the publisher who's brilliantly positioned 'Dylan Dog' in the market-place as the only comic book to appeal to women as well as hardcore male readers. In fact Asia Argento, Dano's actress daughter, says 'It doesn't matter to me that I don't always understand the stories, what I love is the clever dialogue'.

DYLAN DOG HORROR FEST

The film festival off-shoot began in 1987. The turnout for the 1990 event was so great that film-nut Bonelli decided to go for broke and stage the biggest one ever this year on May 23rd for a week at the Palatrussardi, Milan's largest rock concert venue. Up to 6000 horror fans packed the Wembley arena site, circus tent designed hard-top every night to watch a fabulous line-up of the good, the bad and the gory including world premiere sneaks of *Hellraiser III: Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice* and *Amityville 1992*. There was no admission price to enter the vast hall decked out with giant snakes by FX man Sergio Shvetsky. You turned up with the latest edition of Dylan Dog and, space permitting, were allowed in. It's

DYLAN DOG HORROR FEST



12/30 MAGGIO 1992 PALATRUSSARDI - MILANO

Bonelli's way of saying thanks to the fans who've supported the comic throughout the years. While applauding this act of expensive altruism, do bear in mind that after every Fest to date the comic's circulation has increased further. The journalist guest list included myself, Nigel Floyd (London Film Festival horror programmer), Sam Harris editor John Gullidge, *Deep Red*/More Gore Score publisher Chas Balun, and 'Splatter Punk' book editor Paul Sammon. We voted the Fest a resounding success. It was the wildest, best organized, most fun, celebrity-packed and socially exhausting Festival I've ever attended. Grateful thanks must go to Artistic Director Stefano Mazzorin, plus assistants Martin Hemmingway and Lora Curo, for a wonderful time. I wouldn't have missed it for the world, boys, and please invite me again next year.

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 7

The Fest's star guests represented a veritable 'Who's Who' in horror. Because Bonelli's team did their utmost to promote a family-type atmosphere - mainly over 7 course midnight meals at the swanky Cafe Milano owned by Bonelli - everyone let their guard down and schmooped like crazy. I gleaned these tid-bits at those informal occasions. The most predictable news came from Robert Englund. Freddy may not be dead after all! New Line Cinema have approached Wes Craven



The Dylan Dog Horror festival poster (left) and stage set

to direct *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 7*. They figure the original creator should close the series in the way he sees fit. Craven himself, at the Fest to promote the Italian release of *The People Under the Stars* under the title *La Casa Nera/The Black House*, confirmed this info but added it was at least four pictures down the line for him to tackle seriously

CRAVEN IMAGES

Craven does indeed have a packed agenda. He starts filming the long-delayed remake of Wolf Rilla's 1960 classic *Village of the Damned* this September in South Dakota. He replaces Tom (Fright Night) Holland who wrote this modern-day adaptation of John Wyndham's 'The Midwich Cuckoos' set in a nuclear missile silo. Then Craven directs M G M's *Shades of Gray*, based on Timothy R. O'Neil's novel about ghosts at West Point Military Academy. At the same time he'll executive produce *The Hills Have Eyes 3*, marking the feature debut of his son Jonathan. An adaptation of the creepy radio serial *The Shadow* for producer Martin Bregman follows that. And Craven's longtime producer, the lovely Marianne Maddalena, will oversee these while producing *Unforgettable* for John Harrison, the *Take From The Darkness: The Movie* director. She says it's about a coroner accused for killing his wife who extracts memory genes from her brain to inject into himself to

relieve the guilty experience

NUDIE CUTIE HENENLOTTER

Frank Henenlotter nervously introduced *Basket Case 3* at the Fest. He hadn't have worried as Bela's latest basket of wacky tricks is a marked improvement over the last diabolical effort. Henenlotter had everyone in stitches acting out Gore Wishman's *Nude on the Moon* and scouring local video shops for uncut Joe D'Amato and Jess Franco fleaze. He found 25 obscure titles in all. Although he's said it before, Frank emphatically promises there won't be a *Basket Case 4* and is changing tack entirely for his next project. It's the Fifties-style nude cult romp *Naked Rendezvous*, a send-up of every nudist camp exploitation movie featuring hesitant typists learning the joys of sun-worshipping and volley ball games in the buff. And he's filming it in 'Jigglevision'. Frank was interested to hear of the upcoming August launch of David McGillivray's tome on British sex films for Sun Tavern Fields, publishers of Maitland McDonogh's book on Dano Argento. I've promised to rush him the first review copy.

LUCIO FULCI SEQUEL

Fest organiser Lora Curo let slip that he was rewriting the new Lucio Fulci picture. Because he seemed acutely embarrassed by this, I kept mentioning it to irritate him! It's a



semi-sequel to the movie mentioned last issue: **Door to Silence**. **La Porta Del Male/Door to Evil** will star Barbara (StageFright Cupido and Franco Rossi) and begins shooting this Autumn. Lons, together with Massimo F. Lavagnini, has just written a book. Italian horror enthusiasts will love "35 Milimetri Di Terrore" is a "Psychotronic"-type guide to all the genre movies released in Italy during the Eighties. Neatly illustrated, it costs 30,000 lire (\$15) and is published by Marino Bolinelli Editore. No, it doesn't exist in English!

RANDEL AND MORTORFF DECEASED

Heilborn's Tony Randel had two movies on show: The Fangoria Films production **Children of the Night**, an okay vampire tale, and the Showtime cable presentation **Amityville 1992** which was a lot better than I was expecting. Randel calls his haunted house combination "The most assured movie I've made to date" and he's right. Randel high-tailed it back to L.A. before **Heilraiser II** producer Lawrence Mortorff arrived, the man who fired him from the project two weeks before filming hiring Anthony Hickox instead. There's no love lost between those two! Randel had a good excuse for leaving though. He had to begin pre-production on his giant insect picture **Ticks** starring Amy Dolenz from **Children of the Night**. Stop-motion expert Doug Beswick is creating the Tremors-styled

bugs and the executive producer is Brian Yuzna, at the Fest to present **Mutronics**. Randel will then tackle his dream project **Mare Attacks**, a medium budget movie version of the controversial **Sixties'** bubble-gum card series.

REANIMATOR 3

In Milan, Yuzna signed a deal with a French video company to shoot **Reanimator 3** in Prague with Jeffrey Combs. Before that he produces a trilogy of H.P. Lovecraft tales: **Neconomicon** - for a Japanese video company who have insisted each story be made by a foreign director. Yuzna directs the American segment but has yet to choose a Japanese and Italian director. Hopefully I solved one of those

problems by introducing Yuzna to Michele Soavi. And last seen, Soavi was reading Lovcraft's "The Rats in the Wall". Did you know Yuzna's **Society** has just entered its third year of release in Russia? That adds a new meaning to Penstroke!

AMITYVILLE 6

Chris DeFana, the writer/producer of **Amityville 1992**, accompanied Randel to Milan. It's pre-sale success guarantees a fifth sequel will become a reality. The **Amityville 1992** concept revolves around an evil antique clock possessing the family who buy it as a mantle-piece ornament. DeFana plans to take this idea further for the next outing. A cheap horror film production company furnishes

LUNATICS

My favourite actor, personality wise, has to be Sam's irrepressible brother Ted Rains. He was at the Fest to promote **Lunatics: A Love Story**, already covered extensively in **Starburst**. Watch for him in **Patriot Games** and Bernard Rose's adaptation of Clive Barker's **Candy Man**. Rains joined myself, Yuzna and Nigel Floyd on a trip to an exhibition of medieval torture instruments. But even he was subdued by the true horrors on show at the Inquisition museum. (In depth reviews of all the movies seen at the Fest, including Shinya Tsukamoto's **Hiruko the Goblin**, will be featured in upcoming issues of **Shivers** and **Starburst**.)



Left: **Children of the Corn II** actor Ryan Bolman and director David F. Price; Right: Bruce Campbell mugs shamelessly

the set of their latest qudike with decor items bought at an Amityville car boot sale. Guess what happens?

GHOST TRAIN

Director David F. Price proved to be a likeable sort. Along with lead actor Ryan Bolman, he was tub-thumping **Children of the Corn II** which wasn't bad at all. Well, how much worse than the original could any movie be? I jumped out of my seat at one of Price's expertly manipulated scenes and really loved Bob Keen's endless nosebleed effect. Price says this **Deadly Harvest** subtitle was replaced by **The Final Sacrifice** because research shows audiences are more prone to see a sequel with the word final in the title. Apparently they're fooled into thinking it's the last one! Price executive produced the Warwick Davis' starrer **Leprechaun**, a Grimm fairytale about an Irish elf killing anyone trying to steal his pot of gold. After directing **Ninja Kids 2 & 3** back to back for Disney, he plans to direct his own story **Ghost Train** which he calls "A weird cross between **Beetlejuice** and **Pottergeist**".

FANGO FILMS

All round ace guy Anthony Timpone, the editor of **Fangoria** magazine, was on hand to publicise the other two Fangoria Films productions at the Fest



He's really got his work cut out for him re-Damon Sontestefano's **Severed Ties**. What a pile of garbage! Far better, and the goniest, most offensive movie on show, was Steve Barnett's hilarious **Mindwarp** starring Bruce Campbell who outrageously hammed it up throughout the entire event. Campbell also presented a 15 minute show reel of **Army of Darkness** but my lips are sealed on this subject until I see the whole movie released in Britain by Guild Distributors this November. But Campbell did give me an **Army of Darkness** T-shirt after I begged him for relentlessly for days.

WEREWOLVES

Timpane seemed in great spirits. Like all the star and journalist guests who took part in a televised round table discussion on the state of contemporary horror, he thinks **The Silence of the Lambs** Oscars bode well for the future. His forecast? That werewolf movies will be the next big thing after vampires. He feels Wolf, starring Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer, directed by Mike Nichols, will kick the trend off in much the same way Coppola's **Dracula** has begun the vampire vogue. He also says John Landis will start the sequel to his **An American Werewolf in London** sometime next year. But Tony had bad news for Jason lovers. **New Line** axed their proposed **Friday the 13th, Part 9** directed by Adam Marcus when chairman Bob Shayne read

the script and thought it stunk. They'd already built the sets and had to strike them at a cost of \$1 million! Perhaps the Paramount franchise purchase wasn't such a good idea after all.

MORE ARGENTO

"I know who the killer is, I'm the only one who knows... and the killer is here!" - Adriano Petrescu from **Trauma**. What 'Shake & Oake's' news page would be complete without another mention of D.A.? All you letters say you want it, so you've got it! I've just read Ted Klein's rewrite of Gianni Romoli's **Trauma** script. It contains a car crash straight out of **Four Files on Grey Velvet**, a lesbian **Tenebrae** twoosome, an anorexic **Lolita** ingenue up to **Phenomena** antics, dizzying **Opere** skydram shots, a key **Bird With The Crystal Plumage** moment where what you see isn't what you really see - a quite brilliant sleight-of-hand camera trick along the lines of the **Deep Red** mirror reflection giveaway - and too many other **Deep Red** references to list, e.g. a seance, a mechanical puppet and a lift death.

Will you guess the identity of the black-gloved maniac, dubbed 'The Headhunter' by Minneapolis newspapers, who electrically loop-sews off his/her victims' heads - explaining the original **Moving Guillotine** title - and keeps them in half boxes? A covered-up hospital malpractice comes back to haunt a group of nurses and marks them for insane murder in Argento's major return to the gallows where he



Left: Director/Producer Brian Yuzna; Right: Robert Englund and Italian fan

found initial success. But will you scoff at, or completely swallow, the idea that a severed head, in the last throes of dying, can still whisper clues to the killer? Or that a Central American purple berry can unlock hidden memories when eaten? Yes, it's the same en-doeing, completely off-the-wall, everything but the kitchen sink, gory Argento mix as before. John Cusack and Asia Argento star, Tom Savini handles the make-up chores - one out-

rageous gynaecological special effect could earn a place in history! - and I'll be on the set as you read this ready to file the first report. Once **Trauma** is in the can, Argento will produce a new six-part TV series for Italian television. 'Deno Argento Presents' will be his version of 'Alfred Hitchcock Presents'.

Alan Jones

SOAVI'S DYLAN DOG EPIC

I've saved the best news till last. Although only confined to Italy and the comic cognoscenti at the moment, 'Dylan Dog' and related projects look poised to win global acceptance next year. A 12 episode RAI TV series is being made right now. And Claudio Argento is currently producing **Dark Comedy Nero** for director Giancarlo Soldi based on an original story by creator Tiziano Sclavi. But the most exciting project has to be the one masterminded by Michele Soavi, writer Gianni (The **Sect/Trauma**) Romoli and producer Tide Corsi. Between them they've optioned the 1985 Sclavi novel where 'Dylan Dog' was born under the name Francesco Dellamorte Dellamore. The Italian title is **Dellamorte Dellamore** but because the surname translation **Of Death, Of Love** doesn't make much sense in English, Soavi's searching for an appropriate alternative. Any ideas? In a nutshell, Francesco is a cemetery guardian who shoots zombies trying to escape from his graveyard. But when some make it to the big city, he can't differentiate between the undead or the living. Soavi calls it, 'A cynical, ironic, metaphorical, half-splatter movie'. Developing his own material is something Soavi has had to do as it's doubtful he'll ever work with Argento again. And the post-Sect offers - **Halloween 5** and two D'Amato productions, **Blood of Angels** and **StageFright 2** - would hardly have stretched his talents. But he is directing an Italian telenovela in September titled **Crocodiles**. No, not the reptiles - it's Italian slang for newspaper tabloids of famous people. Crocodile tears, get it? Once this spy thriller is out of the way, Soavi will move into first gear on **Dellamorte Dellamore**. I'll be keeping you informed every step of the way on this intriguing venture from my favourite Italian director.

Factfile: The 35-year-old Italian director was born in Milan where his father, Giorgio Soavi, is a well-respected, and much published, art critic. He began as an actor in the film industry so he could learn the technical ropes from the inside. Selected acting credits: *Allen Terror*, *City of the Living Dead*, *Endgame*, *A Blade in the Dark*, *Atlantis Interceptors*, *Calligula: The Untold Story*. A role in *Bambule* led to Soavi helping out director Marco Medugno on the production side and, after co-writing both *Afor* movies with Joe D'Amato, he contacted Dario Argento asking for work. Argento liked one of Soavi's screenplays and hired him to assist on *Tenebrae*. Then he was promoted to first assistant for *Phenomena*/*Creepers*, played a cameo role, and also directed the rock video for Bill Wyman and Terry Taylor's 'Valley' theme off the soundtrack. He worked in the same capacity for Lamerio Bave on *Demone* and played the man in the metal mask handing out preview tickets.

After directing *Dario Argento's World of Horror*, a documentary made for Japanese television, Soavi made his directorial debut with *StageFright* for producer D'Amato in 1967. After assisting Argento on *Opera*, and playing a sinister detective, he shot the second unit footage for Terry Gilliam's *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*. Two Argento productions followed. *Le Chiese* and *The Church* and *Le*

Top: Donald Pleasence shares a 'Creepers' scene with Michele Soavi; **Below Left:** Michele Soavi directs *The Church*; **Right:** Michele Soavi plays a low budget gore director in *The Black Cat*

TOP TEN

Michele Soavi lists the ten films that have influenced his work the most.



Setta/The Devil's Daughter.

For information on Soavi's latest projects, refer to the 'Shake & Quake' column.

Soavi says, "These are the movies which have made their mark on my own artistry. You'll find references to them all in my work."

1/*Vampyr* (1932). Carl Dreyer's masterpiece opened my heart and my feelings for the imaginary. It was the first movie I ever saw. It was 8 years old. Perhaps, it changed my life. I love the end scene with the flour and the old man who cannot breathe.

2/*Greed* (1924). I saw Eric Von Stroheim's silent film only once but I can still remember it so well. The fact people would kill for money left a huge impression on me. The Death Valley

finale is a classic. The deadly confrontation between actors Gibson Gowland and Jean Hersholt handcuffed together, the cage with the bird inside which flies away, the all-white wide camera shot at the end. Wonderful!

3/*Stalker* (1979). Andrei Tarkovsky's study in poetic desperation and the ultimate solitude of man. The mysterious dead Zone, an industrial wasteland where dreams can come true, but where no one goes is a fantastic representation of the future after the bomb.

4/*The Seventh Seal* (1956). Ingmar Bergman's stunning look at man's problems and his rapport with death. A strong movie that reminded me of a Bosch painting. There are so many unforgettable images, the chess

match for Max Von Sydow's life, the silhouettes, the wide shot of the hill, the drive by death.

5/*Near Dark* (1987). Kathryn Bigelow's stylish romance is the deepest metaphor for drug abuse the cinema has offered. I love Tangerine Dream's music and when the vampire runs in daylight all ablaze.

6/*Apocalypse Now* (1979). Francis Ford Coppola's horror epic of the madness of war. The way he viewed the soldiers as mechanical insects was brilliant and so was the last sequence using *The Doors* 'The End'.

7/*Brazil* (1985). The reason I wanted to work with Gilliam on *Baron Munchausen*. Has any movie ever been this much against bureaucracy in all its forms? I think it's the most visionary movie I've ever seen. I love Robert De Niro's terrorist cameo.

8/*Mad Max* (1979). George Miller's movie is naked, crude and perfect.

9/*A Slave of Love* (1976). Nikita Mikhalkov's movie is romantic, dramatic and strong. Set in Odessa, 1917, during the early stages of the Russian revolution, it's about a cameraman, working for a cheap film company, who falls in love with a female spy. The most memorable scene is a driver-less train wagon running out of control.

10/*Vertigo* (1956). Hitchcock's most sensual movie and the one where all his personal themes come together. The kiss between James Stewart and Kim Novak is remarkable with the ocean waves in the background.

Can I mention an eleventh? *Koyaanisqatsi* (1983) by Godfrey Reggio. Those who've seen *The Church* will know why I must include this title!

"These are the movies which have made their mark on my own artistry"







Tale of a Vampire inaugurates State Screen Productions, the full-length feature offshoot of Naked Films, a rock video company run by

Simon Johnson and Linda Kay. Both producers wanted to apply their extensive experience gained from music promos for Chris Isaak, Rebel MC and

Manic Street Preachers, to the more demanding feature arena and thought **Tale of a Vampire** would be the most interesting way of doing it.

Written and directed by diminutive Shinsuke Sato, a 25-year-old Japanese girl student Johnson met while attending London Film School, **Tale of a Vampire** is loosely based on Edgar Allan Poe's poem 'Annabel Lee' and concerns a melancholic blood-drinker in contemporary London fatally attracting a mirror-image of the lover he lost in 1847. Why Sato wrote the screenplay is a strange story in itself. It was her birthday and one gift she received was a book on vampire lore. Walking through downtown

As blood splattered all over the book cover, she saw the brutal attack as an omen and wrote a script she describes as "An expressionistic, pre-Raphaelite, horrifying ballet with beauty, elegance and meaning"

Deepest, darkest Deptford in suburban South London may lay claim to certain secret vices carried out behind locked doors but it's doubtful if vampirism is one of them. Yet in a disused library on Lewisham Way the undead could be seen stalking around cob-webbed bookshelves in shadowy rooms during February and March this year. For this 1913 Gothic building became a mini-studio complex housing a very unusual horror film project.



Opposite page: 'Feeding Time', **Tale of a Vampire** style; Above: Julian Sands and Kenneth Cranham in mysterious mode; Left: A Victorian flashback to Julian Sands and Suzanne Hamilton's previous love affair; Below: Julian Sands and Kenneth Cranham fight for Suzanne Hamilton's life



Tokyo clutching her present, she was mugged and stabbed in the ear. As blood splattered all over the book cover, she saw the brutal attack as an omen and wrote a script she describes as "An expressionistic, pre-Raphaelite, horrifying ballet with beauty, elegance and meaning". Literally translated from Japanese, Sato's original script title reads "A Tale Of Vampire". Although grammatically shored up to **Tale of a Vampire** in English, a decision is yet to be made if Western audiences will see the movie as simply **Vampire**.

Sato then gave this script to Johnson who convinced Japanese backers to finance State Screen's trial run picture for "under \$1 million" with options on a fantasy project set for this Autumn if the deal proved successful. The Japanese also requested a big name star if possible. That was lost Christmas. Two months later a youth-plus crew began principle shooting with cast members Kenneth (Helibound) Cranham and Suzanna (1984) Hamilton already in place. One of the few thirty-something technicians employed a special effects man David Watkins whose stunning work on Ching Siu Ting's **A Chinese Ghost Story** may give some idea of what atmospheres to expect in Sato's Kabuki Guignol.

But for the lead vampire role Sato only wanted one actor. It was someone who had a dream about and pleaded with Johnson to contact. He did as his director wished, never thinking for a moment that the star would agree to appear in such a minor league British picture for only a minimum wage and deferred profit points. However Julian Sands was delighted to be asked and his involvement upgraded **Tale of a Vampire** into a major motion picture assignment.

Say what you like about Sands. I often have and none too complimentary either. But the star of **Naked Lunch**, **Arachnophobia**, **Gothic**, **The Doctor and the Devils** and **Warlock** believed in the **Tale of a Vampire** script, and Sato's talent, to such an extent he ignored his agent and business manager's

During the six week shoot Sands has sucked blood from a dead cat, opened arterial veins, mutilated bodies and, in one major gore highlight, smashed open a victim's skull, cut his throat, hoisted the wound over his mouth and drunk the cascading red fountain

advice not to waste his time. Why? Sands explains, "In the past year I've been offered seven other vampire scripts, all of them generic, derivative, Hammer-type B movies. Shmeiko's script arrived and it was like a breath of fresh air. It was so well written. It contained real emotional and psychological depth, the atmosphere conjured up was haunting, exciting and braced with an oriental flavour. Her cultural influences were quite definite and stimulating. Although it reminds a genre movie because of the subject matter, it transcends it by getting into the more interesting realms of romantic darkness".

The blond actor plays Alex, lured throughout the picture in Victorian garb which suits his Byronic looks. "He's a poetic character who's involved in contemporary Deplford and spends a lot of time hanging around the river and the rest in his library. He has a very melancholic personality because one of the themes Shmeiko explores so well is the infernal tragedy of being sentenced to immortality—to a forever without end. Just imagine it! Within that framework is a moving love story and generous doses of sex and violence". Sands calls the plot's Poe connections "Thematic echoes rather than narrative throughlines although Ken Cranham intones a few 'Annabel Lee' lines over the opening credits and his

mysterious 'Man in the Hat' persona is revealed to be Poe himself at the climax. Poe's child bride was called Virginia and that's Suzanna Hamilton's alternate name in the 19th Century dream flashbacks".

Don't expect Sato's **Tale of a Vampire** to adhere to traditional undead conventions either. Sands reveals, "There's no neckbiting, no fangs, no bats and no black flowing capes. We call it 'feeding time' and there's something far more exotic and elegant about it than just simple blood-sucking. Basically Alex is an animal, or to be specific, not strictly human. He has the behavioural instincts of an animal in human disguise. Shmeiko says it was that facet of my own demeanour which made her certain I was right for the part. Besides, my own teeth are naturally very sharp".

During the six week shoot Sands has sucked blood from a dead cat, opened arterial veins, mutilated bodies and, in one major gore highlight, smashed open a victim's skull, cut his throat, hoisted the wound over his mouth and drunk the cascading red fountain—a special recipe formulated by make-up artist Melanie Gibson—Mel for short. That credit is going to confuse a lot of people! Sands continues, "The killings are down to basic instincts rather than supernatural, malevolent forces. Garlic and stakes through the heart are missing

too, they're more Bram Stoker influenced in the grand Dracula tradition. I suppose the closest comparison to what we're attempting is Tony Scott's **The Hunger**".

Apart from 'feeding time', there's 'chasing time' and 'sexual time' for Sands to contend with. The latter found him naked on a wrought iron bed tying up Suzanna Hamilton with red ribbons the day before my set visit. But he notes, "The sex is mainly heterosexual and dwells on the exotic mingling of blood with danger and other exotic elements. It's a perilous combination for Alex. And that's the longterm effect of his curse. If you're a vampire you must wait lifetime after lifetime for a romantic relationship that has to end eventually. Knowing you're condemned to that cycle, what do you do? You look for every way possible to add new thrills and twists to the grimly predictable events. That's something observed by the movie which I feel is the dramatic oxymoron making for a gripping and compelling narrative".

Calling himself "The old man of the pecc", Sands observes, "The tremendous enthusiasm and energy displayed by this small maverick production team and young crew have amazed me. Although certain things have been frustrating to contend with due to basic inexperience, they've been more than compensated by the refreshing lack of cynicism and tremendous desire to do great work. This marks the first time I've worked in my home country since **Gothic** in 1986. I now live in Los Angeles and it's very pleasing to be back here working with future participants in the British Film Industry".

He adds, "I think it says a lot that State Screen's graft and tenacity got this off the ground in today's climate. They almost didn't bother sending me the script thinking it would be an unrealistic waste of time. But they had the courage of their convictions and a determined belief in the script, and themselves, that was impossible not to warm to. Many of my advisors thought **Tale of a Vampire** was a big career mistake. But what's life without a few naks? And this one feels like it will pay off handsomely".

To make sure in his own mind



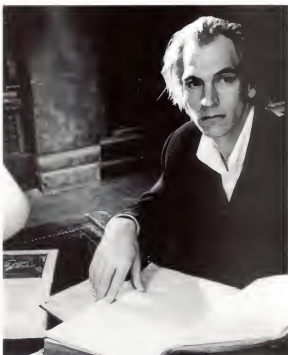
Right: Julian Sands and **Tale of a Vampire** Producer Simon Johnson

Right: The loneliness of the long distance Vampire

Sato was up to the directorial challenge, Sands screened a short she'd made at film school. He continues, "And I liked what I saw, heard and felt deep down. She obviously understood the medium and could convey her ideas through it. Her nationality has made this experience a different and far more interesting one for me. The oriental flavour she brings to the composition of ferocious sexuality and violence, and the juxtaposition of romantic repose, is intriguing in it's Japaneseness. Shimeko's cultural integrity and thought process is so stimulating. That's what turned me on and why I'm happily involved in making an Eastern-style independent horror film, based on Poe, shot in Deptford".

His co-star was the icing on the cake he's having and currently eating according to Sands. "I've admired Suzanna as far back as 1964. Her interesting, mysterious presence has always impressed me. There's a depth to her work that's attractive and very galvanising. The fact they offered her the female lead is evidence of the producers' intelligence and understanding of their material. I've seen Ken's stage work and he brings the same dynamic flair to *Tale of a Vampire* which is a great foil to my poetic femininity. This cast is as good as any I've been involved with". But Cranham's Man in the Hat/Poe character isn't simply just Van Helsing to Sands' Dracula. He points out "He's more Verlaine to my Rimbaud. Sure, he's pursuing me, but Edgar is as empirical as he is vampirical. He wants vengeance for my past deeds and follows me through time to achieve that aim. But he can only use Anne to hurt me, not destroy me, in spite of substantial efforts to do away, and here he's way, with me".

So what is one to make of the scene Sands shot just after our interview? Cranham cuts his throat with a sword and, as gushers of gore spray over the artfully art-directed bedroom set, the actor runs the blade through Sands' stomach causing a river of blood to flow all over the floor. "Well and find out," smiles Sands conversationally. For a big name actor Sands has certainly



"I will admit to gravitating more towards outrageous concepts. But whether it's in the genre or not makes no real difference"

done his fair share of genre pictures. Does he like them? "I enjoy working full stop. As an actor I can only choose from the scripts I'm offered. Producers see me in *A Room With A View* and I'm offered a hundred romantic swan roles. Then they see me in *Gothic* and I suddenly get sent weird and wacky scripts. It's a wonderful place to be career-wise. I have such a diverse wealth of material to pick from. I will admit to gravitating more towards outrageous concepts. If that's a genre film, fine. But whether it's in the genre or not makes no real dif-

ference as long as I can sink my teeth into a part. *Tale of a Vampire* falls into both categories, literally".

Sands follows *Tale of a Vampire* with another English-based production. Rusty Lemorande's *The Turn of the Screw* stars him alongside Patsy Kensit, Stephanie Audran and Marianne Faithfull in a new version of the classic Henry James' 1898 horror tour de force which Jack Clayton brought to the screen in 1961 as *The Innocents* and Michael Winner prequelled with *The Nightcomers*. But don't expect Sands to reprise his

supernatural role in Anthony Hickox' *Warlock II*. He says, "The script is neither good nor interesting".

Tale of a Vampire is only one of the many undead movies now in production for release over the next year. While the myth has endured for centuries, what does Sands put the current craze in Hollywood down to? "Francis Ford Coppola making *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. He seems to have given the genre more attention than Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu* or Scott's *The Hunger* ever did because he's such a high profile director. But trends always go in cycles in Los Angeles. Gangsters are out and the vampire number has come up because, globally, it's always been in the collective subconscious".

THE RETURN OF THE FLESH EATERS

Shivers retrospective by David McGillivray

The time is long overdue for the rediscovery of one of the most accomplished, influential and unknown low-budget horror films ever made. In 1968, when it played British flea-pits, heavily censored, as one half of a double bill, **The Flesh Eaters** was the first example we'd seen of a nasty new strain of American horror.

Apparently spear-headed by the work of Herschell Gordon Lewis, these films, so we were told, were cheap and sensational, tasteless and gory. But **The Flesh Eaters** was more than this: it was stylishly directed, well acted, and featured some spectacular effects. Missing for decades, the complete uncensored version has now been released Stateside on video. The copy sent to me looked grimy and washed-out, but the film itself has stood the test of time so well that I feel confident enough to hail it as a major work. It compares favourably to any low-budget horror film made before or since, and is arguably the foremost horror film of its period.

Before we go any further, exactly what period are we talking about? The British Film Institute's usually reliable 'Monthly Film Bulletin' was clearly very wide of the mark when it dated the film 1967. Production stills are copyrighted 1964, and the film itself bears a 1963 copyright date. Michael Weldon's 'Psychotronic Encyclopaedia' states that filming took place "as early as 1961", but I can now

reveal exclusively that it began in 1960, a date which automatically propels **The Flesh Eaters** into horror film history. If John McCarty, author of 'Splatter Movies', had been aware of **The Flesh Eaters**'s true genesis, (he mentions the film, but thought it was made in 1964, a year after Lewis' **Blood Feast**), he would have been obliged to re-write his entire thesis.

Naturally **The Flesh Eaters** is not a gore film as we now understand the term. With its mad German scientist creating a Thing from Beneath the Sea, it's very much a straggler from the atom-crazed Fifties. But, uniquely, it anticipates the graphic shock effects of the Sixties and beyond. It's also poles apart from anything else produced in 1960. That year Hitchcock's **Psycho** sparked a trend for psychological horror. Roger Corman embarked on his heavily Gothic Poe cycle with **The Fall of the House of Usher**. And H.G. Lewis directed a teen drama called **The Prime Time**; his **Blood Feast** was still three years off.

I first discovered **The Flesh Eaters**, paired with a piece of junk titled **Death Curse of Tartu**, at London's Finsbury Park Astoria. The programme was never shown to the national critics, but the trade and specialist press were generally impressed with **The Flesh Eaters**. In the 'Daily Cinema' Marjorie Bilbow called it "a deliciously horrific spine-chiller". The 'Monthly Film Bulletin' thought the film's special effects were "splendidly convincing". 'Films and Filming's David

Hutchison agreed, calling it "A highly watchable piece of gore horror-comic fantasy... a must for all connoisseurs of the curious and bizarre". The sole voice of dissent ('melodramatic nonsense') was Graham Clarke's in 'Kine Weekly', but as he preferred William Gaxner's **Death Curse of Tartu**, his opinion can be discounted.

Shot in black and white, **The Flesh Eaters** arrived in Britain in 1968 with built-in obsolescence. The following year monochrome was as dead as silent pictures. Cinemas were reluctant to book it and it slipped out of circulation. In 1970 the death of its director, Jack Curtis, warranted a paragraph in the American trade paper 'Variety'. He was 44. Nearly twenty years went by before I became reacquainted with the film. A writer named Lyn Fairhurst did a distinctive figure - often in leather, always with an Army haircut - at film previews. He was well-known in the biz for (a) selling his first screenplay for 750d (37 5p) and (b) writing scripts for a BBC radio series called **Movie-Go-Round**. One evening we got chatting on a bus and my jaw dropped when he casually mentioned that, in his youth, he had worked as a general footrotum on a film called **The Flesh Eaters**. He seemed surprised when I told him it was one of my favourites and recounted several anecdotes before I had to get off at my stop.

Earlier this year Cathal Tohill, who manages a sleaze rental cinema called the Taboo, phoned to tell me he'd found a print of **The Flesh Eaters** and



I first discovered **The Flesh Eaters**, paired with a piece of junk titled **Death Curse of Tartu**, at London's Finsbury Park Astoria



was going to run it. I immediately arranged for Lyn to introduce it and trot out a few of his stories. The print turned out to be in appalling condition. Not only was it the censored version, it was also spliced to buggery, and had an entire reel missing! But the screening was enlivened for me by Lyn, who leaned over continually to whisper, 'That's my hand... that's me, rolling down the cliff... that actor's wearing my boots and jersey'.

Born in Cheshire seventy years ago, Lyn was marked for the movies as soon as he was old enough to hold down a tip-up seat. 'I was about five or six. I saw a film set in a Russian concentration camp, and a beautiful actress - Dolores Del Rio, I think - was trying to escape by climbing over the barbed wire. Blood trickled from her hand, and I believe I screamed out and cried, and my uncle said 'Don't worry. It's only strawberry jam! And I howled even louder saying 'Don't tell me that! You've spoiled it!' The tale about the 7/6d screenplay is basically true, except that it was a story outline



I wrote one called 'Shadows of Soho', a sex-crime thriller, and sent it off to all the companies

and he earned more than six times that fee! 'I was nearly sixteen. I was supposed to follow my uncle into the steel works, which I revolted against, and I started to write stories. I wrote one called 'Shadows of Soho', a sex-crime thriller, and sent it off to all the companies.

'Finally I got a letter from the managing director of Butchers Film Service, who said come down and see us. So I borrowed some money, travelled to London on the midnight train, and went for the interview. He said, 'You don't know your locations. The River Thames does not run through Oxford Circus. Have you ever been to London before?' When I told him it was

my first trip down he said, 'Go home and write about something you know'. So I went on holiday to Blackpool and wrote a story called 'Old Mother Riley in Blackpool' and sent it to him. He said, 'Come down and see me! Midnight train again. He said, 'I'll buy this. How much do you want?' I said, 'Two pounds ten shillings (£2 50)' because that was the amount I'd spent on the train fare which I'd borrowed from my uncle and had to give back. But I said I wanted something else as well, a job. He said, 'You can be the office boy'.

Intending to become a director, Lyn managed only a couple of rungs up the ladder, graduating to the post of electrician at

Left: Producer Lyn Farhurst is a victim of the *Flesh Eaters*; Right: Maria Rita Morley attacks gun-toting Martin Kosleck

Gainsborough Studios before switching to other media. He broke into radio in the late Forties, scripting 13 programmes for Allan Jones, the singer and father of Jack, star of Pete Walker's *The Comeback*. Later he travelled across the country publicising films for Eros, a low-grade distributor. One of their releases was *Prehistoric Women*. 'My job was to get a girl to sit in a shop window in a

Left: Byron Sanders, Barbara Wilkin and Martin Kosleck at the thrilling climax of *The Flesh Eaters*; Right: Producer Lyn Farhurst and Director Jack Curtis share an informal moment during *The Flesh Eaters* shoot





cage and bang a drum. It did a buster everywhere apart from Cheltenham where it opened the week George VI died. He moved to United Artists "for £2 a week more", then spent eight years making promotional films for Rank. In 1960, looking for more excitement, he moved to New York: "I went to a greasy spoon one day and sitting opposite me was a man with a script and it turned out to be Jack Curtis".

The son of British vaudevillians Jack Curtis Sr. and Mabel Ford, the young Jack emigrated with his parents to New York, where he became a child actor on radio and later an announcer. He made his reputation dubbing foreign art house films including *The Wages of Fear* and *Rififi*. He also personally supplied Vittorio De Sica's voice for U.S. audiences. It's uncertain how Jack acquired the skills he displays in *The Flesh Eaters*, his first official film as producer/director/cameraman/editor. Lyn recalls that Jack worked in some capacity on Stanley Kubrick's first film, possibly *Fear and Desire* (1953). Michael Weldon says he made two (untraceable) sex films, *The Pink Pussy* and *We Are All Naked*. Possibly he was just a naturally gifted film nut. His personal preference was for Ealing comedies and German expressionism but, as a businessman, he knew he had to make the kind of horror film that was packing the drive-in theatres.

The Flesh Eaters was a first

screenplay by Arnold Drake. He supplied the balloon dialogue for comic books, which presumably accounts for lines like, "Face facts, Professor. We've stumbled on to a living horror". The plot does not stand close inspection. A light aircraft carrying pilot Grant Murdock, alcoholic actress Laura Winters, and her secretary Jan Letterman, crash lands on an island uninhabited apart from German marine biologist Peter Bartell, who is cultivating tiny flesh eaters, a new life form created by a Nazi biochemist. Bartell murders Omar, a beachnik who arrives on the island. Maft, who attempts to reach the island in a supply boat, and Laura. He electrifies the flesh eaters, finally creating a monster, which Grant kills with an injection of blood from a giant hypodermic syringe.

Farhurst sold himself to Curtis

as a script doctor who could save the production money by cutting and re-writing scenes. He was eventually hired for \$75 per week as a "production manager", i.e. writer, assistant director, prop maker, stuntman and dogbody. He was to account for 25% of the smallest crew assembled for a feature since the silent days. Lyn has no idea what the budget was ("I didn't think it was my business"), but recollects that the project was activated with the cash prize Jack's wife Terry won on a TV quiz show. Further funding came from private investors (including the actress who played the radio operator) and more mysterious sources (Lyn recalls "two gents in fedoras" arriving on set with a briefcase full of dollars).

While the film was being made, a hurricane hit the main

location, Montauk, the most northerly point of Long Island. Jack grabbed his camera, filmed some of the devastation and financed a couple of days shooting on *The Flesh Eaters* by selling the storm footage to a local TV station. The only "name" in the cast was Martin Kosleck, who camps it up like nobody's business as the unscrupulous Bartell. Kosleck played Nazis (usually Goebbels) in Hollywood during the Forties but hadn't appeared on screen since 1948. The rest of the leads were taken by daytime soap actors: Jim, the man on the quays, was played by a stills photographer, and Matt was Christopher Drake, Kosleck's "minder". Although there are a great many names on the end credits, they are mostly pseudonyms, financiers and post-production personnel. Essentially the film was made by four people: Jack, Terry, Lyn and Christopher. Jack was behind the camera under the pseudonym 'Carson Davidson'. Although Radley Metzger (later to become the director of *Camille 2000* and other porno-chic) is credited as editor, Lyn's memory is that Jack edited the film himself "in a shed next to

It's uncertain how Jack acquired the skills he displays in *The Flesh Eaters*, his first official film as producer/director/cameraman/editor



Above, left: *Flesh Eaters* star Martin Kosleck and 'companion' Christopher Drake; Right: Martin Kosleck attending Jack Curtis below him, Christopher Drake and Curtis' wife Terry; Below: Director Jack Curtis on Montauk Beach for *The Flesh Eaters*.

A few seconds of red and green tints which flash past when Grant plunges the syringe into the monster's eye

the hotel we were staying in"

There was no sound recorder (Jack post-synched the entire film), no art director, no wardrobe or make-up. Continuity was done by "whoever was around at the time" That such quality could be achieved by a first-time director, with only a handful of enthusiastic amateurs as his back-up, suggests Curtis was a sleaze auteur with the makings of genius. There is only one moment - Mett's perfunctory death - where editor Jack obviously couldn't compensate for director Jack failing to shoot enough cover.

Otherwise **The Flesh Eaters** is great trash art, exciting, fun, still shocking, and always a treat to look at. Cameraman Jack used the vast Montauk beach expanse to create any number of interesting pictures, often from low angles, or with a huge close-up in the foreground staring the flame with complementary action in the background. One of the final shots - of Bartell's skeletal, flesh-eaten hand reaching vainly for a nearby gun - is a classic.

Because of technological advances since the film was made, the special effects are no longer as impressive as they were in the Series, but their resourcefulness can still be appreciated. The glitter of the tiny flesh eaters was created by scratching the emulsion off the celluloid. When Bartell slips a flesh eater into Omar's drink, the stomach explosion was simulated by Lyn pumping porage, mayonnaise and "gunge from the hotel garbage" through an enema tube. "Really we were ahead of *Alien*" says Lyn. Jack didn't want to take the same old route of producing a big monster for the climax, but his backers convinced him he was misguided, and the script was rewritten to accommodate the giant flesh eater, a polystyrene bulb with two arms, sometimes operated by Lyn. Its emergence from the sea is an absolute scream, far more effective than Major studio monsters of the day, although, in its original im-

agination, apparently it had less impact.

Jack and Lyn had picked up the monstrous creature in Manhattan and were driving it to Long Island, wrapped in tarpaulin on the top of a station wagon. Lyn takes up the story as they stopped to see if a cloud-burst had damaged their cargo. "The canvas had blown off and this silver monster was sitting there, looking bedraggled. Some high school kids looked up at it and said, 'Jesus Christ! Christmas decorations already?' I said to Jack, 'This monster's not ferocious enough'."

For Lyn the five months he spent working on **The Flesh Eaters** were "the best time I've ever had in my life". In the final days of shooting he took part in many of the "inserts", the linking shots necessary to clarify the story. "I play Grant's leg when it's being devoured by the flesh eaters. Bartell gets a knife and it's supposed to be him gouging in Grant's leg to get the flesh eater off. But it's my hand going into my own leg. I was playing two parts at once. Any close-ups of Bartell's hands are mine because Martin couldn't hold things". Lyn also doubled for Kosleck being thrown into the sea and then rising from the waves, covered in flesh eaters. "They put carbon tetrachloride on me to make me smoke and, after seven takes, my hair turned green".

The Flesh Eaters performed well at drive-ins, but did nothing to advance Curtis' directing career, and he returned to dubbing. He and Lyn drew up a

THE FLESH EATERS

A Vulcan Production.

Producers: Jack Curtis, Tamy Curtis, Arnold Drake. Director: Jack Curtis. Screenplay: Arnold Drake. Photography: Carson Davidson. Editor: Radley Metzger. Music: Julian Stein. Orchestrations: Noel Regney. "It's a Wonder" by Noel Regney and Julian Stein sung by Anita Ellis. "Peter's Best" by Arnold Drake and Jim Osmun. "Mars Calling" by Noel Regney. Associate producer: Bernard Chern. Production manager: Lyn Featherstun. Special Effects: Roy Benson. Camera Operator: John Car-

roll, Camera Assistant: Fred Portnow. Dialogue supervisor: Film-Sync. Sound: Tilt Sound Corp. Sound Engineer: Martin Garcia. Sound Re-recorder: Robert Sherwood. Sound Effects: Lawrence Owens, Cinemascores Inc. Technical consultant: Evan J. Anton. Cast: Peter Bartell: Martin Kosleck. Grant Murdock: Byron Sanders. Jan Lettorman: Barbara Wilson. Laura Winters: Rita Morley. Omar: Ray Tudor. Matt: Christopher Drake. Jim: Darby Nelson. Radio Operator: Rita Floyd. Cab driver: Warren Houston. Ann: Barbara Wilson. Freddy: Ira Lewis.

contract for the production of five more shockers, but, try as he might, Jack couldn't raise money for them. He is believed to have directed (under his 'Carson Davidson' pseudonym) only one more film, a surreal short called **Help! My Snowman's Burning Down** (1964). Jack divorced his wife and married Pauline of the Helens Rubenstein clan. Lyn is god-father to their daughter, Larne, an actress who has appeared in *'The Best of Times'* (a short-lived TV series about high school students) and several films including *Rock 'n' Roll High School Forever* (1991) and *Wild Orchid II: Two Shades of Blue* (1992). Jack's early death may have been alcohol related.

In 1961 Lyn returned to London and wrote a string of second-features and a passable witchcraft thriller, **Devils of Darkness** (1965), his last film to date. He also returned to radio. For the 'Movie-Go-Round' series, he claims to have adapted the soundtracks of

7,000 movies. He now selects and edits soundtrack clips and sends them round the country to local BBC stations. Last year, Sinister Cinema, a company which has unearthed many obscure titles, released **The Flesh Eaters** on video in America. The print appears to be completely intact and contains approximately four minutes of new footage including not only gore cut from the British cinema release of the Series and the Knockout video release of the Eghos, but also a three minute sequence missing for many years from the American prints. This consists of a flashback showing Nazi scientists throwing naked women and a corpse into a swimming pool infested with flesh eaters.

Also included is a disappointing 'colour sequence', a few seconds of red and green tints which flash past when Grant plunges the syringe into the monster's eye. If the curious but frankly dull **Carnival of Souls** can be re-launched, as it was in 1990, with much ballyhoo on both sides of the Atlantic, there is no justification for allowing

The Flesh Eaters to languish unseen in Britain. An enterprising video distributor should immediately make arrangements to have a new print struck from the negative. **The Flesh Eaters** is a prime candidate for the Edinburgh and London Film Festivals and a TV season of cult movies such as BBC2's 'Movedrome'. The subsequent video release will allow a new generation of enthusiasts to enjoy a minor masterpiece of its genre and the rare talents of Jack Curtis.



Below: Ray Tudor meets a sticky and!

D'AMATO KETCHUP

Shivers interview by Alberto Farina

What do the names Richard Franks, Peter Newton, David Hills, Steven Benson, Michael Wotruba and Kevin Mancuso have in common?

They're all pseudonyms for - Aristide Massaccesi, the Italian cameraman responsible for directing and/or producing over fifty movies since 1973. But the name he likes to hide behind the most is Joe D'Amato and this signature on horrors as diverse as *Blue Holocaust*, *Ator the Invincible*, *Anthropophagous*, *Caligula: The Untold Story* and *Emanuelle and the Last Cannibals* has endeared him to legions of gore fans.

Is D'Amato the world's most crude and boring director? Could be. Yet he is to Italian exploitation cinema what tomato sauce is to spaghetti. And if Jess Franco's even more prolific output is now the subject of serious discussion, perhaps D'Amato's amazing career isn't too far behind proper critical analysis.

D'Amato has just produced Lucio Fulci's latest horror film *Door to Silence* starring John Savage. However, because Fulci's name doesn't sell movies internationally anymore, D'Amato has now fabricated a pseudonym for him too - H. Simon Kirby! D'Amato started directing his new movie, tentatively titled *Frankensteen 2000*, in Merch and Shivers! Rome co-

respondent Alberto Farina went on the set to learn more about the mythic man who's given new meaning to the word 'shocker'.

S: When did you start your movie career?

JD: It was in 1953. I was only sixteen! My father used to be a film technician and he got me my first assignment as a stills photographer. I took publicity photos on a number of movies like Jean Renoir's *Le Carrozze D'Oro/The Golden Coach* (1952) starring Anna Magnani. But my first 'real' job was on *Madonne delle Rose* starring a Neapolitan folk singer named Eve Nova. About movie jobs, I've done them all. After a while I became an electrician, then assistant cameraman, first cameraman and eventually

director of photography. Photography fascinated me when I discovered the way light can convey certain emotions, either in Horror or Erotic pictures. Darkness, shadows and the definition of images are the most important elements to push viewers into feeling actual sensations.

S: Caring about the photography has hardly been a major concern in Italy's populist cinema though?

JD: Today's almost the same. Well, you do have many examples of standard Adrian Lyne-ish photography. But that's been influenced by commercials and rock videos. You shouldn't appreciate photography in itself. After all, it's just the means to make a movie better. A film is a cocktail of many different elements which are not supposed to be considered separately. You should say 'That was a good movie', not 'That was well edited and well photographed'. The moment you do that, you know the cocktail didn't work.

S: What was your relationship with the directors whose work you photographed? (D'Amato has numerous credits in this area including Massimo Dallamano's *Cosa Avete Fatto A Solange?/What Have You Done To Solange?* (1971), Paolo Solvay's *N Planiluno Delle Vergine/The Devil's Wedding Night* (1973), and Alberto De Martino's *The AntiChrist* (1974)).

JD: I was very co-operative of course. I either wanted to begin directing or make more of my own movies at the time. So I kept giving them helpful suggestions which must have been good ones because they all seemed to be appreciated.

S: *La Morte Sorride AN- Assassino/Satta Strani Cedeveri/Death Smiles on a Murderer* (1973) was your debut feature as a director. Who gave you that opportunity?

JD: It was such an exciting co-

The mythic man who's given new meaning to the word 'shocker'



HORRIBLE

Left: George Eastman and the title says it all



Left: She's come from the bottom of the barrel

Right: That old black magic in Witchcraft

I was trying to conceal my directing activities

caison. The movie was an atmosphere piece which took place at the turn of the century. It starred Ewa Aulin and Klaus Kinski as a mad doctor trying to revive the dead. The producer, Franco Gaudenzi, was a friend of mine and was willing to let me take a shot at directing.

S: Why did you start to hide behind pseudonyms? Your second picture in 1973, *Diario di una Vergine Romana* (*Diary of a Roman Virgin*), is credited to Michael Watruba.

JD: As was *Erotic Hell* (*Inferno/Heroes in Hell*) (1974) and a few others. I was trying to conceal my directing activities because I wanted to keep on being a director of photography on other people's pictures as well. Just in case my directing skills proved to be inadequate, I had my other career to fall back on. Producers can pigeon-hole you very quickly in this business and I wanted that work insurance. I had to make up many other names too when Joe D'Amato started becoming synonymous with soft-core porn movies.

S: So how did you create Joe D'Amato? Where did the name come from?

JD: I had just directed *Glubbe*

Rosario (*Med Jacket*) (1975) for producer Ermanno Donati, Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola were becoming very popular directors at the time and we both thought a similar sounding Italo-American name would help the movie more at the box-office. We were looking for a suitable name when I found a calendar containing some photographs. On the side in very small print was the credit Giovanni D'Amato. Et Voila, Joe D'Amato was born. By the way, Michael Watruba was inspired

by the name of some East Asian director.

S: How much pre-production work do you do before each movie?

JD: I must confess I don't do any at all. I feel I have enough experience in all technical areas to make up for my lack of preparation. I used to be much more hard to please. But lately I've been directing mostly soft-core sex movies in America aimed directly at that English speaking market. In the kind of film you might need to move a

scene from a swimming pool to a discotheque if a location isn't available at the last minute. I think I'm hooked on this way of filming now. I need to improvise everything quickly. It makes for more spontaneous art. That's why I go out of my way to avoid any on set tension and joke around a lot. I'm not an auteur, nor am I trying to create some particular over-dramatised pathos in these movies. All I want audiences to do is believe something which isn't really happening.

S: You've also shot a number of hard-core porn movies like *Blue Erotic Climax*, *Lebbra*, *Bagnate/Wet Lips* (both 1980) and *Le Voglie/Desire* (1981).

JD: I've made about ten altogether. There used to be a big market for this kind of product and they cost nothing to make. There's nothing cheaper than filming two people making love. Alas, that has all changed now thanks to porno videocassettes and today's moral freedoms.

Left: Isn't this Absurd?





I was always trying to find the best position for that sudden glimpse of stockinged thigh or, if I was really lucky, lacy panties

Left: Another stomach-churning moment with *The Grim Reaper*; Right: Carla Gravina is seduced by the Devil in *The Antichrist*

which killed the delicious flavour of taboo sins. Nobody goes to see a movie anymore just because it's scandalous.

S In 1976 you began your highly profitable *Emanuelle* *Nera* series starring actress Maria Chan who changed her name to Laura Gemser (*Emanuelle e Françoise/Blood Vengeance: Black Emanuelle 2 Goes East* (both 1976), *Emanuelle in America, Confessions of Emanuelle*, *Emanuelle and the Last Cannibale* (all 1977), and *Emanuelle and the White Slave Trade* (1978)). Did you ever have any copyright problems with the French producers of Just Jaeckin's 1974 original?

JD None at all because our character's name was spelt *Emanuelle* with just one M, not *Emmanuelle* with two. Besides she was completely different, she was black!

S As a director who has made many sexy horror films, what do you consider erotic?

JD Voyeurism. When I was a child I used to watch girls climb into cars. I was always trying to find the best position for that sudden glimpse of stockinged thigh or, if I was really lucky, lacy panties. It was only a flash at most, but that's what I consider pure eroticism.

S Many of the horror films you've made have caused scandals and outrage. But none more so than the necrophiliac stasher *Buio Omega/Blue*

Holocaust/Beyond the Darkness/Buried Alive (1979). How did you realise those gore effects?

JD The embalming scene shocked everyone. It was so stomach-churning and realistic many thought we had used real autopsy footage. It was all faked. We'd bought the meat from a butcher - a sheep's heart, ordinary animal guts - but made them up to look like the real thing when the taxidermist maniac stuffed his dead girlfriend.

S Even viewed today, *Anthropophagous/The Grim Reaper* (1980), and its sequel, *Rosso Sangue/Absurd* (1981) are unbearably gruesome. Canibal man Luigi Montaloni/George Eastman chewing on a foetus, really.

JD Audiences went crazy

over that scene! God knows what they thought. It was just a skinned rabbit covered in fake blood with a tiny roll of intestines pinned to it to simulate an umbilical cord. Many viewers couldn't see that obvious trick because they closed their eyes when the scene began. In Italy we don't have the special effects make-up expertise they have in America. But what we've lost in quality we've made up in inventiveness. Often the results are not so bad. When I was making those post-Apocalyptic movies, (*Endgame 2020: Texas Gladiators* (both 1983)), we created our special effects from leftover weapons from spaghetti westerns and old gas cylinders. In *Caligula: The Untold Story* (1982) when we cut out Michele Soavi's tongue (the soon-to-be director was then an actor), he

had to keep a real lamb's tongue between his teeth. It was horribly disturbing to watch, and worse for him to do, but it cost us nothing to achieve. I produced Michele's first film as a director, *Deliria/Stagelicht* (1987), precisely because he was so incredibly professional on *Caligula*.

S The golden age of splatter is now over. Your last few productions haven't relied on blood-letting either. Why has it all changed?

JD Gore has lost its shock impact and audiences got too used to blood-saturated movies. They became ordinary. But mainly it's due to censorship bodies all over the world cracking down on this type of entertainment. Germany is a big export market for all the movies I make. Now German censors won't let you spill a drop of blood. I've had to soften all my recent movies for that market. The horror genre seems more geared towards suspense these days and special effects have replaced blood as the scare factor. That's why I don't think you can class something like *Freddy's Dead* as a horror film in this new climate.

Next issue: 'Attack of the Killer D'Amato' In Part 2 of this interview D'Amato talks about Michele Soavi's *Stagelicht*, working with Lucio Fulci on *Door to Silence* and the story behind his new horror picture *Frankenstein 2009*



Right: D'Amato's 'How To Pick Your Brain' workout tape, now out on sell-thru!

EXCITE ME

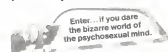
The Shock Horror Cinema of Sergio Martino

Shivers retrospective by Mark Ashworth

Part Two:

Hacksaw Killers
and Halter-Neck
tops

After his brief flirtation with the supernatural on *Tutti I Colori Del Buio/All the Colours of Darkness* (1972), Sergio Martino departed from the classic 'giallo' format even further with *Il Tuo Vizio E Una Stanza Chiusa E Solo Io Ne Ho La Chiave* later the same year. However, despite claiming Edgar Allan Poe as its inspiration, this was yet another typically Seventies stew of sickly shot sleaze and blood terror screenwriters Adriano Bolzoni, Sauro Scavolini and the ubiquitous Ernesto Gastaldi giesfully helping themselves to a few plot beats from 'The Black Cat' and using them to cram some familiar 'Spaghetti Shocker' themes into the framework of a gothic chamber-piece. Even the uneasy Italian title, which translates as 'Your Vice is a Closed Room and Only I Have the Key', is a direct quote from Martino's premiere psycho-saga *Lo Strano Vizio Della Signora Ward/The Strange Vice of Mrs. Ward* (1971). And once again the stupendous Edwige Fenech was on hand to swing her famous pendulums in this bloody pit of horror!



Set in Northern Italy and

much more tightly constructed than its predecessors, this pungent Poe-pourm stars Anita Strindberg and Luigi Pistilli as a married couple whose relationship is as precarious as the crumbling mansion they inhabit. Egged on by a bisexual niece, (Fenech in a disappointingly drab selection of mini-skirts), they busily plot to kill each other in between bouts of tastelessly elliptical sex. Strindberg eventually wins out, but unwittingly walks up a howling cat -

Me.

Who was that masked man?



cutey named Satan - with her husband's corpse. A gnsly sub-plot details the murderous activities of an escaped mad-man but, unlike the similar narrative trick in *Mrs. Ward*, this contributes little on a subtextual level and functions solely as a red herring.

By way of compensation, the script is thickly layered with allusions to incest and sexual impotence, with some bitchy one-liners punctuating the relentlessly sordid atmosphere. Martino sensibly concentrates on the tangled web of his characters' obsessions but, whereas *Mrs. Ward*'s indulgence was streaked with a sadistic glamour, here everything is tinged with degeneracy and decay. In an obvious bid for variety, we're treated to some noisy footage of a motorbike race although this only increases the sense of claustrophobic gloom, (evocatively caught by Giancarlo Ferrando's excellent Eastman-color photography) once we return to the decrepit mansion and its environs.

Comparing very favourably with other 'Old Dark House' chillers of the period - Francesco Lara Polog's *La Mansion De La Niebla/Murder Mansion* (1972) or Antonio Margherita's *La Morte Negli Occhi Del Gatto/Seven Dead in the Cat's Eye* (1973) - Martino's movie does contain some genuine shock effects. A couple of gruesome set-piece murders keep things lively, and the sight of a slimy mass of sheep's eyes spilling across a table adds an appropriate frisson of disgust. In fact, eyes are a recurring motif throughout, with tight close-ups of a cat's face being crisply spliced in at

regular intervals - a device Lucio Fulco picked up on for his own *Il Gatto Nero/The Black Cat* (1981). Attilio Vincon's egregiously clean editing and Bruno Nicolai's stately score are also noteworthy, lending an edge to the proceedings several American International stagey Poe adaptations lack.

Dubbed with rather more care than usual, there is also the unarguable benefit of uniformly good performances from the leading players. Strindberg and Pastilli had appeared together in Martino's *La Coda Dello Scorpione/The Case of the Scorpion's Tail* (1971), but that had been a more traditional 'giallo', with characterisation rushed over in favour of baroque violence and a convoluted plot. *Your Vice* gives them much more to get their teeth into, with Pastilli's gruff slobbiness providing a neat foil to Strindberg's brittle Scandinavian psychosis. Fensch is as delightful as ever although she occupies comparatively little screen time. Interestingly, her character is deployed as a catalyst rather than a focus - she's not required to carry the weight of the movie as in previous Martino projects.

In the English version, originally offered for export as *Gently Before She Dies*, her voice is provided by the same disconcertingly arch actress who dubbed Macha Merli in Aldo Ladi's *L'Ultimo Treno Della Notte/Night Train Murders* (1975). Promoted almost exclusively on the strength of its nudity and sex scenes. Under the title *Excite Me*, it played on a double bill with another Fensch vehicle - Massimo Laurenti's *Bella Antonia, Prima*



The script is thickly layered with allusions to incest and sexual impotence

Monaca E Poi Demonia/The Naughty Nun (1972).

I Corpi Presentano Treccie Di Violenza Carnale/The Bodies bear trace of Carnal Violence (1973) was one of a trio of films Martino helmed for Carlo Ponti's CC Champion company. Probably his best known 'giallo', this features a masked marauder with a penchant for dismembering

his victims by hacksaw. After cutting a swathe through a clutch of 'with it' art students, he's finally revealed to be their mid-men.

Above: *Murder in the Etruscan Cemetery* Italian poster; Below left: The Torso killer makes a choice cut in his student body; Right: Trapped Suzi Kendall attracts attention.





nered lecturer John (**One Million Years B.C.**) Richardson, traumatized as a child by his brother's accidental death.

In spite of the narrative emphasis placed on the mutilations, (or the emphasis placed on the mutilations of the narrative in less liberal territories!), the real theme of **Carnal Violence** is voyeurism: root cause of the homicidal mayhem. Richardson's brother dies as a result of his desire to commit a voyeuristic act, and the ritual murders occur because the victims, (Patrizia Adonis and Cristina Arnoldi), secretly photograph an illicit sex session with their killer. Martino frequently places the viewer in the role of the leering Peeping Tom, filling the frame with low-angled shots of girls in short skirts or hot pants, and peering intrusively at love-making couples. What makes this all rather disturbing is the recurrent image of a doll's eye being poked out and the explicit eye-gauging which seems to have survived intact in most prints. As many horror movies trade on the notion that the pleasures of the flesh can only lead to the destruction of the flesh, perhaps it's an unconscious hint that we should pay with more than our money for wallowing in such guilty pleasures.

Notwithstanding the presence of Suzy Kendall, who can always be relied on to slow things down to a snail's pace, **Carnal Violence** delivers the goods with minimum fuss and maximum entertainment. Giancarlo Ferrando again contributes some superb photography, with the misty hues of the swampy woodlands being particularly impressive. Martino orchestrates the suspense with his usual engineering vitality, craftily

employing Guido and Maurizio de Angelis' menacing score to cover any dead spots in the action. The tense final section, with Richardson playing cat and mouse with the injured Kendall, is especially well handled and just as effective as the comparable passage in Argento's much-praised **The Bird With The Crystal Plumage** (1969) in which the same 'actress' is trapped in her apartment by a deranged assailant. Released in Britain in 1975 as **Torzo**, this atmospheric shocker played U.K. grind-houses in a 90 minute version, two minutes short of the Italian running time. On video, however, we were palmed off with the 86 minute U.S. print boasting a remodelled

credit sequence, the responsibility of Joseph Brenner Associates Inc.

After diversifying into other horror sub-genres, including cop thrillers, a string of comedies and a lot, but excellent, entry in the Spaghetti Western stakes - **Mennaia/A Men Called Blade** (1977) - Martino returned to the 'giallo' field with **Accesoio Al Cimitero Etrusco/Murder in the Etruscan Cemetery** (1982). An Italian/French co-production between Denis Film, Medusa, IM, PEX, CI and Las Films Jacques Lotenne, this was originally made as a TV series called **Il Misterio Degli Etruschi**. A 96 minute theatrical version of the latter was also prepared and seen in America

as **Scorpion with Two Tails**.

Helmed by Martino, which explains why the direction is credited to the pseudonym Christian Plummer, this harks back to **All the Colours of Darkness** by introducing paranormal elements into its basic thriller plot. Elvire Audray - an enigmatic blonde Ferach imitation - stars as the wife of Etruscologist John Saxon. When he's murdered, she travels to Italy, but is plagued by visions of writhing maggots and barbaric executions where victims have their necks broken. The scriptwriters, (including Ernesto Gastaldi and his **L'Idolo** starlet Mimsa Charetta), pad out their drug smuggling story with hints of magic and reincarnation. But it's only the completely staged bursts of action and the hallucinatory passages that hold the interest.

As can be expected, the film is well mounted, and the sight of corpses with their heads grotesquely twisted round retains a powerful impact. Nevertheless, it remains a decidedly minor addition to Martino's portfolio. Affected in parts by a somewhat sluggish pace, **Murder in the Etruscan Cemetery** is actually reminiscent of a Fulci piece, an impression reinforced by the use of music from Fabio Frizzi's **City of the Living Dead** score and the revamping of Sciofi's **The House by the Cemetery** artwork for the Italian promotional campaign.

Next issue, in Part 3: Cannibals, Crocodile and Ursula undressed, Ashworth concludes his Martino appraisal.

Your Vice became one of a long line of Italian thrillers to be promoted almost exclusively on the strength of its nudity and sex scenes



Above, left: Murder most foul in **Torzo**; Right: The Torso-maniac dashes through the swampy woodlands; Left: Death by drowning, the **Torzo** killer

STARLINER LETTERS

Send your letters to: Starliner Letters, Shivers magazine, PO Box 371, London SW14 8JL, UK or Fax to: 081 878 5486

Ray Stewart, Northern Ireland

You'll be interested to know I bought Shivers at a newsagents which doesn't even stock Starburst! And I've seen it on several shelves normally devoid of such mags. My overall views are mixed. Firstly the disappointments. I was expecting more pages - it's a bit thin, but perhaps this will change in the coming months. Despite attempts to give it a new look, Shivers is very similar to Starburst. However, your format has got the edge. I'd like to see more news, (Peak Freaks, More Argents), rather than columns of what's up-coming. I prefer to read about past or present related film stories rather than future ones. With Starburst continuing to report on mainstream horror, you should follow the European (ex-U.K.) scene more and not cover the same ground. Use more ad mats like the one for *They're Coming To Get You* on Page 15. The videos reviewed were also covered by Starburst, a few more obscure titles would have helped. As for the Top Ten - too fanziny. David Prothero's column is a bit too intellectual for the average horror fan I fear. You slag off Samham yet use their grotty print-over style for this article.

Now the good bits. Strong cover, life and reasonable price. I look forward to a strong advert section. All the articles were a good length. Factfiles are great. I enjoyed the Sergio Martino feature because he's a relatively new name to cover. *Hellraiser III* is suffering from over-exposure but it was nice to read Doug Bradley still has time for his fans. Please don't drop the short editorials, the mag needs an identity only you can provide. But to be really honest, I was disappointed that Shivers lacked anything really new in content

and appearance. Cast off the Starburst skin and work on gaining a voice. Still, it's only the first issue, I'm sure it will improve and I do so want you to succeed. I'll let you know my comments on issue two.

A.J. Ray edits *Magazines of the Movies*, an indispensable guide and critical analysis of every film journal published worldwide. (For details: 45 Killybawn Road, Sanfield, Ballynahinch, County Down, N. Ireland, BT24 7JP). Only too aware of some of the points you raise, Ray, and I'm doing my best to polish them. One thing though, every mag devoted to the genre suffers from feature/review crossover, not just Starburst and Shivers. We're all locked into release dates and there's absolutely no way to avoid that.

Carl Bizard, Preston, Lancs.

It's good to see a new magazine on the scene, even if it is somewhat thin! Still, the first issue bodes well for the future, with a healthy balance between the popular and the bizarre. Just how commercially acceptable this will be has yet to be determined, but at least you're not just going for the easy option of

solely big issue stories. Particularly good was the *Shake and Quake* news, packed with interesting snippets. I've only three gripes. Why no fiction? Starburst also ran *Naked Lunch* and *Hellraiser III* articles featuring many of the same pictures. I realise you're its sister mag but surely you need to develop your own individuality? My final complaint is about that bag of s*** and pretentious load of old b****s by David Prothero.

What is the guy on? His demarcation of the farzine scene was completely uncalled for and in some cases damn near libellous. The whole article appears to have been written entirely for his own intellectual gratification. Although many fanzines do focus heavily on the gore content of films, they also contain intelligently written articles on relevant matters. *Invasion*, *Peeping Tom*, and *Samham* e.g., all have meaningful voices. They provide an outlet for up-and-coming writers to hone their skills. We aren't all lucky enough to be published in a professional mag, even though there are those out there infinitely more worthy. And, although all oriental films do tend to be classed as a nucleus, at least they are being viewed more widely through the

interest of horror fans. Can this be bad? Throw the thesaurus away Mr Prothero, your petty attempts to blind us with alienation and lengthy words won't work unless you can say something meaningful. And this comes from someone who isn't a great gore lover. Apart from that over-emotional whinge, this letter is meant to be congratulatory. Keep up the good work, and see you next month.

Daniel Auty, Wokingham, Berks

Congratulations on issue one - very promising, especially considering your policy of covering horror from all over the globe. Particularly interesting was David Prothero's article about which I'd like to raise a couple of points. While I grant there is definitely a need for intelligent analysis of horror in Britain's fan press, I feel more importantly there should be variety, and thus a need for both the intellectual publications such as *Mikuro*, *E.T.C.* and Prothero's own *Bloody Hell!* and the less profound, more visceral in the *Flesh* and its ilk. In the same month Prothero bemoaned the lack of intelligent analysis of directors like Jorg Buttgereit and *Ruggers* Deodato, *Mikuro* and *Samham* respectively earned exactly such examinations.

Additionally, I think Prothero overstates the influence of fanzines, or the public in general, on the BBFC. Perhaps Ryan/Dahmer type affairs do have some effect, but I believe it is the very nature of horror films and a need on the Board's part to justify its own existence that lead them to be censored, not the response of the audience. That so many fans give up the time, effort and cost to write so enthusiastically about the genre, be it quality writing or otherwise, I think does the public perception of horror no harm at all. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to see a mainstream horror magazine develop some strong



Join Desi Amaz Jr. in the *House of the Long Shadows* and write to the letters page!

options, and I wish Shivers much success in the future

Nigel P. Bamford,
Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear

Congratulations on an enterprising first issue. I enjoyed all but one article - David

Prothero's. Is rubbishing the opposition something he did for fun or was it under editorial direction? I refer, of course to

labelling *Fear* as a 'disaster' and of Samhan being 'intellectually embarrassed'. Perhaps I'm in a

minority of people who actually enjoy Samhan, or maybe I just take offence to a fanzine I find

both interesting and informative being described in such a fashion. I would like to make it

clear I'm in no way connected to either mag. To be frank, if taking horror films seriously

results in the type of pretentious drivel David writes, then I'd

rather have them baby-talked. I look forward to future issues and will read anything written by

David with interest. However, I hope he learns that, where fanzines and small publications

such as *Shivers* are concerned, it is often prudent to gain some allies before making enemies

A J... David certainly put the cat among the pigeons! I expected him to... I wanted him

involved in *Shivers* because he has a unique world vision, an unusual style and strong views

about newly ardent important issues. I did not see his column as a fanzine slag-off. I saw it as

a warning to us all to get our collective acts together so, when something like the over-hysterical

'Video Nasties' nonsense rears its head again, as it did just prior to publication, we

could band together with one united voice to try and stop the media branding us sick perverts

for loving the movies we do

Craig Aranjio,
Edmonton, London

I would like to congratulate you and your team on *Shivers*' first issue. It was a delight to

read. I'm writing this letter so I can get a little more info on two

future horror movies. Is there going to be a *Halloween 6*? Will it include Michael Myers and Dr.

Loomis/Donald Pleasence? Is it true that there is going to be a *Friday the 13th. Part 9*? Does Jason get killed? I would be extremely grateful if you could

answer both these questions so

I could get peace of mind when I sleep!

A J... Although I've passed your letter onto David McGilivray, Craig, I've included it

here because both your questions are partly answered in this issue's 'Shake & Quake'

Meanwhile, David is on the case finding out more details. Look

for an interview soon with Kane Hodder who will play Jason again once New Line Cinema

get their act together

Thomas Nilsson,
Hansen, Sweden

Got hold of *Shivers* during a recent stay in London. The mag

looks really good and I hope it will be successful because I've

enjoyed your own work in various other magazines.

A. Stephenson,
Hove, East Sussex

Heartfelt congratulations on an excellent first issue. It was a

good read. I eagerly await the next

A J... Dear A, The question included in your letter is now in McG's capable hands and will be answered next issue

K. Earl,
Chatham, Kent

I thought I'd write just to say it's good to see a **SERIOUS** horror

magazine finally on the market. I've bought the odd copy of *Starburst* but normally only if a Clive Barker related item has

appeared. But it's too 'Trekkie' for me! Now *Shivers* has arrived. Hopefully to continue in the

same vein as the first issue. As I illustrate for 'Hellraiser', the

official Barker fan club magazine, I read the Doug Bradley interview with relish. Any chance of

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seeing more of the **Hellraiser III** storyboards? I liked 'Shake & Quake'! And people say horror is dead! I also liked David

Prothero's page - but please don't print it on a picture backed page. It made my eyes go funny

reading it! All in all, keep up the good work. I think the mag's brilliant.

John Overall,
South Benfleet, Essex

Bought your rag from W.H. Smiths yesterday and read it

from cover to cover. I have to say it's not bad at all - if a little thin. Glad to see you intend to

stick with horror and not run any features on crap Satrux sci-fi shows. The coverage was

varied, entertaining and informative, the high points being the **Brain Dead** and **Telero II** features. The news was top notch,

the most extensive and up-front section, of it's type, I've seen in

a horror magazine. It shined nicely away from the mainstream we've come to expect elsewhere. Smart work.

Can't wait for the letters page to kick off, that's what generally makes a good mag even better.

A good fanzine section would really put the icing on the cake. Congratulations on a good

promote issue.

A J... Three out of three, John. You not only help kick off the letters page, you've also got me to plug your fanzine 'Invasion of the Sad Man-Eating

Mushrooms', P.O. Box 7, Upminster, Essex, RM14 2RH.

McG answers your question this issue.

As requested, another John. **Floyd Hellraiser** storyboard





CAT O'NINE TALES

Shivers interview by Simon Bacal

Penned by King expressly for the screen or - as the American film poster states - "for the scream", the \$15 million movie was shot over a 50 day period. Throughout the development and shooting stages, Garris - who previously unleashed *Critters 2*, reunited *Mother and Norman Bates in Psycho IV: The Beginning*, penned *The Fly 2*, and directed TV episodes of 'Amazing Stories' and 'Freddy's Nightmares' - worked very closely with the King of horror.

"Stephen was involved with the project from beginning to

end", reflects the director. "And he would always agree to changes which I thought I would improve the script. Although I volunteered to make the changes he'd say 'Nah! let me take a stab at it.' So, the next day there would be this wonderful scene sitting in the fax machine. Stephen and I have become good friends through this film. And I think that it's a valued friendship. It was absolutely fantastic to work with the most successful man in the genre and to have his involvement throughout the project. Usually, he just sells his work to the film studios and walks away. But in this case, I think Stephen really appreciated being called on to write the script."

The latest King fest has mysterious mother and son

Mery and Charles Brady, (Alice Krige and Brian Krause), suddenly appearing in a small Mid-Western town. Known as Sleepwalkers, they're lizard skinned creatures which - with the ability to masquerade as humans - remain alive by thriving off the life force of virginal young women. It's only a matter of time before they feast their eyes upon Tanya, (Madchen Amick), who becomes infatuated with Charles. "Since he's so good at masquerading as an ordinary human being, Charles looks Tanya into thinking he's benevolent rather than malevolent", comments Garris. "In the beginning, Charles falls in love with 'lunch'. Although trying hard to hold back from attacking Tanya, the beast within him must be released. Because

Mick Garris has always been a dedicated fan of Stephen King and his wonderland of countless terrors. So, the 40 year-old writer/director was thrilled to find himself in the 'hot seat' of Stephen King's *Sleepwalkers*.

Stephen was involved with the project from beginning to end

Left page: Charlee (Brian Krause) after his date with Tanya at the old cemetery; Below: Tanya (Madchen Amick) goes in for the kill on Charlee now in the form of a lizard skinned creature; Top right: Actor Brian Krause and director Mick Garris; Bottom right: Charlee on his death bed



Right: Stephen King with the Cat Clovis that saves the day

of his frenzied desire to feed, Charles finally explodes and goes for her."

Set in a cemetery, this scene was shot over a period of one week. Additionally, it called for some rigorous work from Garris, his cast and crew as he explains. "Keeping a sense of momentum, performance, character, changes and technical effects over the course of a week is the biggest challenge in this kind of film. First we shot Charles with no make-up - from all angles. Then, from all angles again, we filmed Charles during his first transformation stage. Then we used all angles to shoot where his face is gashed open with a camera by Tanya. Then, we shot Charles' eye being poked out from every angle. Normally, we would shoot as much as possible from one angle. But in this case we had the problems of at least two hours of make-up changes for each time we switched positions."

Another major challenge lay in developing the incestuous relationship between Mary and Charles. An early scene already builds up the momentum as mother and son slow dance to Santa and Johnny's "Sleepwalk" and move closer and closer to each other. "Everytime I see this scene with an audience, everyone lets out an almighty 'Eeeeeeww' when they kiss and Charles says 'Oh, mother', laughs Garris. "While I'm aware incest is an uncomfortable subject which, in reality, is nothing to take lightly, I love seeing that reaction from viewers. We wanted the incest element to be



"While I'm aware incest is an uncomfortable subject which, in reality, is nothing to take lightly, I love seeing that reaction from viewers."

both disturbing and shocking. So, it was a matter of allowing the actors to become comfortable with the notion. And from their excellent performances, you can see they weren't embarrassed by the idea."

Meanwhile, morphing - the computer technique used in *Terminator 2* - was employed to transform mother and son into their true sleepwalker forms. Explains Garris, "We wanted the transformations to look as though they happened every day. So, when we saw tests of the morphing process, we were sold on it right away. Our aim was to use it in a subtle and organic manner. An excellent example is where Mary is angry at Charles for not bringing home the bacon (Tanya). With the camera steadily pulling back, she starts to slap him over and over again. In fact, Mary is so angry that - for an instant - she loses control and causes her face to change slightly. Then, a split second later, it switches back to human form. That's cer-

tainly a very different way for using the process! than having a camera locked down and seeing her head change several times!"

In addition, special latex body suits were required for scenes where Mary and Charles have undergone the full transformation into Sleepwalkers. "In developing the creatures' appearance, I wanted them to come across as being hairless, sleek and somewhat erotic", explains the director. "It was important for them to look somewhat human, while sporting a skin rather than fur. We sculpted various models before coming up with something dangerous, sexual and feline. Speaking of feline, roughly 120 cats were specially trained to attack the Sleepwalkers. "In the beginning, we trained the cats by dressing a dummy in a Sleepwalker body suit", says Garris. "Even though this worked initially, the cats didn't want to attack when the suits were being worn by actors. They were probably thinking, 'Aaaaaw, we don't want to jump on this guy.' So, to try and goad the cats into attacking, we put cat food on the suits. But in the end,

we had to gently toss them on. As an animal rights supporter, I always made sure the cats were being well treated. As things turned out, they enjoyed themselves."

With *Sleepwalkers* on release, Garris may return to the horror maestro's dark Kingdom. There is a possibility that he'll helm a TV adaptation of King's *The Stand*. "King is writing the script for the ABC network", reveals Garris. "And he has an interesting deal in that they have to make the series and they can't rewrite him". Additionally, Garris has written *Double Vision*, a story he describes as an "erotic thriller with some slight supernatural overtones". He adds, "I've been trying to make *Double Vision* for a long time now. Because the *Sleepwalkers* advertising campaign was going strong, I had calls from three producers in one week. Basically it's about a guy who - for reasons he doesn't know or understand - starts randomly receiving someone else's senses of sight, smell and touch. He discovers that it's a woman he senses while she makes love with her boyfriend. Eventually he falls in love with her because he believes that he has encountered her more deeply than any man has experienced another woman. Then, after experiencing this woman murdering someone, he becomes sickened and feels as though he's committed it. Although he tries to erase this person from his mind, he realises the importance of tracking her down. So he embarks on a little detective work to discover whether she's plain evil or merely acting out of self-defence. 170

Also on the horizon is *The Mummy*, a script Garris wrote from the Clive Barker story. Despite it's title, this bears no resemblance to any Mummy that has appeared in either Universal or Hammer pictures. Garris mysteriously adds, "There isn't a scene where one character says 'Oh, here comes the Mummy, I'd better walk a little faster!' I can't talk about the storyline but I will say it's certainly different and very horrific - more so than *Sleepwalkers*. It's an extremely erotic and sexual story which takes place in Beverly Hills. It's in development at this time, so we'll see what happens."

Left: Tanya hee a bath to recover from her attack



Presume irrelevance, but the most recent of Roy Skeggs' not-always assurances that Hammer is to blaze a comeback may have been less a lie than usual. For though the proposed Hammer Films/Paramount remake of Terence Fisher's 1953 *Four-Sided Triangle* sounds like certain suicide, by bankable chance it chimes with one of our genre's more impulsive current concerns - Nostalgia.

Triangle's importance lies in being the first of Hammer's tentpole films. Dependent on the notional remake's success, Skeggs suggests rereleases of several other of the company's more-recognised horror hits - themselves, of course, radical, fluorescent returns to the monochromatic icons of American gothic cinema. Pitching Hammer as less an ongoing enterprise than one content to re-canibalise its own past wholesale, the crisy conclusion is smokes of remakes. Which, more crazy yet, has at least been mooted an option for a Universal aim also. Carpenter's *Black Lagoon* looms post-invisible *Man* re-do. Once-needy-hope Clive Barker's *The Mummy* may yet escape turnaround limbo too (vested advances that it will be the shockiest sex/horror slice non-withstanding). Meanwhile Pete Atkins defeatistically compares *Hellraiser III* to "the good middle-period *Dracula* pictures from Hammer", unsure if the script's blasphemous sops are cutting-edge confrontation or retro-schlock. Whatever, Doug Bradley - shuffed to be type and latex cast - glibly awaits induction into the pantheon of classic movie monsters, sold abroad on his Englishness like Cushing, Lee and Karloff.

'Genre' thrives upon repetition and derivation, on rules and pre-occupations permed from one title to the next, suggesting a shared body of film that viewers can identify and subscribe to. Horror - a dogged and disreputably commercial genre with a defensive fan following eager to argue the meagre credentials of movies that snob the horror film tag - seems especially a cynotype built upon the concept of sequelisation. The slyly retrospective Hammer contrived one of THE most convincing movie mythologies about a perverse sequels aesthetic, whilst Cinecitté devotes

HELL SCREEN

Shivers opinion by David Prothero

Hammer is to blaze a comeback

will understand the importance of trend-spotting to Italy's lauded exploitation industry.

But horror's new Nostalgia appears misconstrued, over-obvious, as bewilderingly belated as *Xtro 2*, (What no *Tic Tac* Tool?), *Exorcist III*, *Omen IV*, Stephen King end lovable Lugi Cozz's *The Black Cat*. *Cape Fear*, so disappointingly bereft of rage, makes even Coppola's *Dracula* take suspect - *The Untold Story?* - we shall see.

We live in a post-historical period. There are no new ideas. With the approaching millennium, Nostalgia is a 'now' industry exploited by high-profile talents as diversely debatable as David Lynch and John Hughes. But the specific and combatable cause of horror's present pendulum for the past is to be found elsewhere. Bizarrely unexplained, the influence of video on viewing habits and telegraphed tastes has been radical and mould-breaking: the medium's real innovation its capacity to tawly back-catalogues and resuscitate failing titles. A blured past has the power to haunt like never before. And though a strangely small corner of the business realises the potential for

specialists and esoterists - video's retrospective sense could indeed make discerning and informed experts of us all. Yet the result has merely been a blurring of the need for the authentically new.

Admittedly novitate, the industry has gotten mired in a high-concept low-expectation mindset quite content with 'Video View' vacuities and a meagrely televisual sense of what movies can do. Originality equals confusion, devoid of the 'continued from last week rtf' blithed from top TV successses. The shut-down sadiam of hardcore horror proves too confrontational to jigsaw with frothy front-room habits. Though hung up on having movies at least look uniformly present, the familiar holds unprecedented attractions. Sequels are smoothened restorations that take a contemporary sense through compulsory technical updates. Hence *Scanners II* a traumatised disaster bouqueted by soapy star David Hewlett as "as much a *Die Hard* movie as *Scanners*". Never mind out-on-a-limb word-of-mouth, *Hellraiser III* is very much a film of the Manella Frostrup age. Cerebrises

profligate in a franchised hazy, grindingly designed with an idiot cause/effect logic, the seeming result of draw-a-demon post-in comps - (DJ in life? CD-headed dominatrix in death, of course). The elicited comic attractions that made Barker's debut an undoubted essential have moreover been mistaken to the shabby extent that someone deemed a Hulk Hogan moustache characterful posaz for Camerashed. Pinhead predictably loss-leads, further packaged as the movie's major commodity, human history filled a la Voorhees and Krueger, paraded sens rubber to make sparmy Doug more a star August a straight-to-tape Part IV.

The turn-up is that moaners who elegise I always prefer my films on a big screen' are actually less a retro crowd than the new video generation. For in the oneme age, the sense of what new product was was what better defined. The best sequel has always done more than cosmetic violence to their past to maintain the original's integrity, whilst daring a genuine new product (understanding that his happen by repeat attendance, a return rule sequel's rarely register). Argento's *newbie* has been playfully pitched as *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage 2*, but we know we're safe with him. Likewise one can only dream what Jodorowsky could do (I given the chance to make *Son of El Topo* before his father's death. Sadly more par is the browbeating of surprise marginal successes into more predated forms - with the absurd result that even apocalyptic propaganda like *Man behind the Sun* ends discovered by a Hong Kong sequel - *Laboratory of the Devil* - an idea akin to '200 Days of Sodom', Japan's rehash *Guinea Pig* has already intigrated itself into domestic comedy. The future of horror perhaps depends on home-viewing's ability to mature, embracing obsessives ill-at-ease with *Children of the Corn II* to avoid death by parody. It IS an increased possibility with the coming of laser disc, specialist channels and HDTV. But only when Manella is a dim and distant memory.

Left: No, Roy, I will never play *Dracula* again!

We live in a post-historical period
There are no new ideas



DEMONIC TOYS

Director Peter Manogagan
Stars Tracy Scoggins, Bentley Mitchum, Michael Russo, Pete Schrum
Entertainment Video Released July 15th

Die Hard with teddy bear terrorists? Well, sort of. **Demonic Toys** finds cop Scoggins pregnant, recently relieved of both professional and personal perimer, trapped in a warehouse full of living, face-eating teddy bears and other demonic dolls. Comed with her are a hardened hand-cuffed criminal, a runaway and 'Chunky Chicken' delivery boy Mitchum. Unfortunately, there's also the evil spirit of a boy demon, determined to 'do the nasty' with Ms. Scoggins and be born again in human form.

There's some fun to be found in the sheer nastiness of the toys - FX are tacky but effective, with face-chewing Jack-in-the-Boxes and finger-chomping teddies. Sadly, the performances aren't up to the same low standard set by the boys. Hurts of screaming are interspersed with bursts of petulant angst which substitutes for anything approaching character. At one point Mitchum exclaims, 'I'm getting sick of this in a major f---ing way'. And you'll know how he feels!

THE RUNESTONE

Director Willard Carroll
Stars Peter Riegert, Joan Severance, William Hickey, Alexander Godunov
Entertainment Video Released June 15th

Peter Riegert is a f---ing good cop doing a f---ing difficult job when he pops up a f---ing big monster. Well, that's how he'd describe it. Said monster shows when the eponymous runestone is uncovered deep in a Pennsylvania mine. It holds the secret to release the Finfr, a large wolf-like creature imprisoned by ancient Viking warriors. Back in New York, the Finfr gets hungry, prompting trouble for Riegert and, after innumerable enigmatic shots of an ex-ballet dancer in a clock shop, intervention by Godunov, the one remaining Viking and Keeper of the Flame.

Constantly juxtaposing scenes by intercutting the principal action with ticking clocks and rubber monster feet padding

VIDEODROME

Shivers reviews by Bob McCabe



through a smog-filled wilderness, director Carroll is obviously aiming for something stylistically. Quite what that is though remains a mystery - just as the film remains confused. Short on explanation and even shorter on exposition, despite the relatively high-level casting of Riegert, Severance and Hickey, **The Runestone** like the stone itself is probably best left buried.

CHARLES MANSON SUPERSTAR

Director Nicolas Schreck
Stars Charles Manson
R/Vision Video, Released June 26th

The cult of serial killer personality takes another turn with this curious and ultimately repellent portrait of the granddaddy of them all. Focusing primarily on a

recent interview with the man himself, you can't help but feel that this shockumentary fast becomes a piece of dubious 'Charles is Innocent' propaganda. From the suspect 'Video Werewolf' company it begins by linking the Manson murders - by date - with events ranging from Nagasaki to Nixon's resignation to Disney World's Haunted House attraction. Full of oddly phrased bombastic narration - 'Charles Manson has been transmogrified by the electronic thalmuturgy of the mass media' - Schreck's portrait seems to take perverse pride in announcing that 'He is one of the last true heretics of our time'.

Setting out to set the record straight, this dubiously titled video does contain a number of interesting facts. But one can't help feel that a lot remains un-

Left: *The Revenge of Billy The Kid*

said, while pointing out that Manson has never actually been tried or convicted of committing any murders, it fails to state what crime he's currently serving time for. The most amusing part is the ironic fact that Manson's favourite read was 'How to Win Friends and Influence People'. Additionally, the sight of Manson's obviously active but deeply off-centre mind free associating on camera is a fascinating one. But ultimately, it seems to want to vindicate Charles as a misunderstood hero, and, as such, this video, like its subject, is one very sick puppy indeed.

DEF BY TEMPTATION

Director James Bond
Stars James Bond (I), Kadeem Hardison, Bill Nunn, Samuel L. Jackson, Cynthia Bond
Smilar Video Released July 6th

A contemporary blaxploitation comedy horror movie that somehow managed to miss the 'young black directors go Hollywood' barrage only to suffer the somewhat ignominious fate of being picked up for Stateside cinema release by Troma. Nevertheless, **DEF** is a Troma movie in distribution only Joel, (director Bond), is a divinity student experiencing a crisis of faith whilst visiting his pal K. (Hardison), in New York. Setting out to loosen up, he meets Temptress (Bond). Not realising his new lady has a taste for vain fluid, Joel must be saved from his vampire fate by K and eccentric investigator Dougy, (Nunn).



Taking familiar horror elements and blending them with a funny, hip screenplay and soundtrack - and just a touch of social awareness in its vampire spreading a blood-based disease - director *Blood III* goes a long way with a little budget. A good deal of directorial flair, aided and abetted by the stylish camerawork of Spike Lee regular Ernest Dickerson, and, above all, a strong sense of humour, ensure that **DEF By Temptation** is both a strong directorial debut and a nice variation on the comic vampire movie. (See competition this issue).

THE REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID

Director: Jim Groom Stars: Michael Ballour, Samantha Perkins, Jackie Broad, Michael Ripper
Medusa/20-20 Vision. Released July 15th

I can, without fear of contradiction, say that this is the best goat shagging movie I've ever seen! True, it's the only goat shagging movie I've ever seen. Made on a limited budget, this British independent feature is the tale of the MacDonald family (all off-spring named Ronald!) who live on an isolated island, drinking and farting like it was going out of fashion. When father MacDonald takes his goat to stud, he decides to give her something of a seeing-to himself. And the product - a hell-goat, half-human mutant baby named Billy - is hungry for revenge.

A very uneven movie, more entertaining in its second half when concentrating on being a

comic horror than just a lame comedy. Full of references and genre in-jokes from *Evil Dead* to *Alien* and beyond, at best this is a crude, lewd and totally tasteless schlocker. But if it's crude, lewd and tasteless you're looking for, then this could prove to be a lot of fun.

EERIE, INDIANA

Directors: Joe Dante & Tim Hunter. Stars: Orn Katz, Justin Shenkarow, Mary-Margaret Humes, Francis Gorman
Braveworld Video. Released July 28th

Joe Dante's comic Twin Peaks, *Eerie, Indiana* is a small town, which to at least two of its child inhabitants, (Dellus star Katz and Shenkarow), is 'the centre of weirdness for the entire planet'. Dante's foray into primetime comes in two volumes with three episodes on each and is an amusing, adventurous genre series that finds Mummies in the living room, Bigfoot in the garage, Elvis down the block and local housewives preserving their families in Tupperware. Eerie may well be connected by various lines to Transylvania, the Bermuda Triangle and the Pyramid of Death. But with witty scripts, inventive plotting and stylish direction by the likes of Dante and Hunter, it's definitely a neat place to visit.

ON RELEASE SOON

Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare from Guild Video on August 20th. **Anthony Hickox's Lost in Time** (a.k.a. *Waxwork II*) from Entertainment Video on August 20th. **Critters 3** from Entertainment Video in September.

"The most mind-blowing and funniest 'Blood' chapter"



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OUT NOW

Sherilyn Fenn gives me sleepless nights. Please give me her complete filmography and tell me which of her films was about a group of kids stranded on an island

Chris Johnston,
Bolton, Lancs.

1984: *Silence of the Heart* (TV). 1985: *Out of Control* (that's Sherilyn's desert island movie, shot in Yugoslavia, Martin Hewitt and Betsy Russell starred). *Just One of the Guys*: 1985 *Thrashin'*. *The Wraith*: 1987 *Zombie High*: 1988 *Two Moon Junction*. *Crime Zone*: *Edge of Darkness*: 1989 *True Blood*: 1990 *Backstreet Dreams*. *Meridian* (aka a *Phantom*). *Twin Peaks* (TV). *Wild at Heart*: 1991 *Diary of a Hit Man*. *Delirious* (TV). 1992 *Desire* and *Heil at the Sunset Motel*. *Ruby*. *Of Mice and Men*. *Three of Hearts*. *Boxing Helena*

Do you have any information on the whereabouts of Udo Kier? I'd like to know what he's up to now and a few details of his past would be nice

John Overall,
South Benfleet, Essex.

Born in Randerf, Cologne, Germany, in 1944, Udo drifted in his teens to the south of France, where, in 1965, he was dis-

INQUISITION

Shivers Q&A by David McGillivray



Above: Alice Krige reads the *Sleepwalkers* reviews! (still from *Ghost Story*); Below left: Udo Kier in *Blood for Dracula*; Right: Director Philippe Mora in artistic mode on *Howling II*

covered by actor-cum-pop singer Mike Smit, who cast him as a gigolo in *The Road to Saint Tropez*. Mike's first film as a director. Udo then travelled throughout Europe appearing in all kinds of movies, notably the two Warhol/Morrissey blood-baths, *Flesh for Frankenstein* and *Blood for Dracula*, in 1974. In the late Seventies he became briefly respectable when he worked three times for

Fassbinder. His career plummeted in the Eighties, but last year he became respectable again, starting in no less than three films screened at the 1991 London Film Festival (*The German Chainsaw Massacre*, culty

His career plummeted in the Eighties, but last year he became respectable again!

Lars von Trier's *Europa* and even cultier Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho*). He's just completed a German sci-fi adventure, *Terror 2000*

Alice Krige stars in *Stephen King's Sleepwalkers*. What else have I seen her in?

Barry Noone,
Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Born on 28th June, 1954, in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, Alice qualified as a clinical psychologist at Grahamstown University before coming to London to study at the Central School of Speech and Drama. Graduating in 1979, she appeared in a bit part in a TV play (*The Happy Autumn Fields*) and then in a play on the London Fringe (*Forever Yours*) before being cast in 1980 as Sybil Gordon in *Charlots of Fire* and Lucie Manette in a TV movie of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Her first trip to Hollywood was in 1981 to play the evil ghost in *Ghost Story*, after which she returned to Britain for theatre work including *King Lear* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* for the Royal Shakespeare Company. She was also in an episode of *The Professionals*. Things took off in Hollywood again after some average TV movies. 1984: *Ellis Island* (TV). 1985: *King David*. Wallenberg. *A Hero's Story* (TV). 1986: *Dream West* (TV).



Second Serve (TV), The Conspiracy (unfinished?), 1987: **Berily** 1988: **See You in the Morning**, **Baja Oklahoma**, **Haunted Summer** 1991: **Iron Days of Crisis** (TV) **Sleepwalkers**, 1992: **Ecotopie** Hard to believe she's really old enough to play Brian Krause's mum in **Sleepwalkers**, but she is (he was born 1972)

What's the connection between the films in **The Howling** series? They all seem to be made by different people in different parts of the world.

Pet Learning,
Worcester.

Producer Steven Lane provides the only link. He instigated the superior original film, directed by Joe Dante, in 1981. For boring contractual reasons, Steven couldn't use the same characters in the terrible first sequel, **The Howling II: Your Sister Is a Werewolf**, directed by Philippe Mora in 1984. Philippe set up the better **The Howling III: The Narcoptals** in Australia in 1987. But then the notorious Harry Alan Towers appeared on the scene, and the result was the ghastly **The Howling IV: The Originel Nightmare**, directed by John Hough in South Africa in 1988. Lane resumed control for **The Howling V: The Rebirth**, directed in Hungary in 1989, by Neil Sundstrom, but it wasn't much of an improvement. The series was back in the U.S. in 1991: **The Howling VI: The Freaks**, directed by Hope Peralto, reputedly marks a return to form, and **The Howling VII** is set to go.

I saw a film called **Beyond Terror** listed in director Norman J. Warren's filmography. Is this a sequel to his 1979 film **Terror**? Was it ever released? **Malcolm Barents,**
Colechester, Essex.

Norman tells me he wrote **Beyond Terror** about three years ago. But up until now he hasn't been able to secure the financing in order to start production. At the moment he's busy on re-writes and hopes that shooting might begin shortly, possibly in Czechoslovakia. The movie isn't a sequel to **Terror**, but it contains "similar ingredients", and Norman hopes it'll reunite many of the earlier film's personnel. He's also planning a remake of the so-called classic **Fiend Without A Face**.

One of the students in **Night of the Eagle** (1967), which I saw on TV recently, was played by someone called Bill Mitchell. His voice seemed very familiar and I'm pretty sure that this is the guy who does incredibly deep voice-overs for commercials and horror film trailers. **Jane Elphick,**
Enfield, Middlesex.

You're right. Bill came to England from Canada in the early Sixties and acted in **Night of the Eagle** and a couple of other movies including **Two and Two Make Six** (1962) and **Finders Keepers** (1966). He switched to commentaries and voice-overs in the Seventies.

Below: Carolyn Courage in the original **Terror**

COMPETITION

What happens when a redneck drinity student fails prey to an ancient demon cruising uptown New York bars looking to shake the religious faith of her very willing victims? You can find out in **DEF By Temptation**, the new horror release from Smilar Video. James Bond III's sex and gore exploitation picture comes complete with the beat of the street thanks to soundtrack cuts from Freddie Jackson, Melba Moore and Ashford and Simpson. So, do the right ring and enter the competition, or I'm going to get you Sucka! It's one of the best movies to bear the Troms logo and there are five copies of the video to be won. Just answer the following questions about previous exploitation movies:-

- 1) She didn't need a man anymore back in 1974. The Devil was her lover then. Who was the girl in the title of this black variation of **The Exorcist**?
- 2) One of the stars of the above was Shakespearean actor William Marshall. But he was already famous in horror circles for two earlier A.L.P. movies which blackened a vampire's legend. What was the title name of the character Marshall played in 1972 and its 1973 sequel?
- 3) Who's the black private dick who's a sex machine to all the chicks? Title please if you can dig it!
- 4) She's the best exploitation actress ever. She appeared in **Foxy Brown**, **Sheba Baby**, **The Arise**, **Black Mama**, **White Mama** and, more recently, **Something Wicked This Way Comes**, **Fort Apache**, **The Bronx** and **Cross** of 1990. Name this statuesque star?

Answers on a postcard (or back of envelope) to: **Shivers Comp (Def),**
Visual Imagination Ltd,
PO Box 371,
London SW14 6JL, UK

(Answers to last competition - 1) Dana and Claudio Argento
2) Bekal, 3) Tom Savini, 4) Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde)



NEXT ISSUE PUBLISHED 11th SEPT 1992
St. Patrick's Day Horror in Leprechaun... director Jean-Paul Ouellette, cast and crew tell you why **H.P. Lovecraft's The Unnamable Returns...** find out why fangs aren't what they used to be with the eco-conscious **Sorority House Vampires...** a retrospective look at Oliver Stone's early horror movies...**Sergio Martino Part 3...** **Joe D'Amato Part 2...** a 'Shake & Quake' bonanza... and all your favourite features.

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